



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

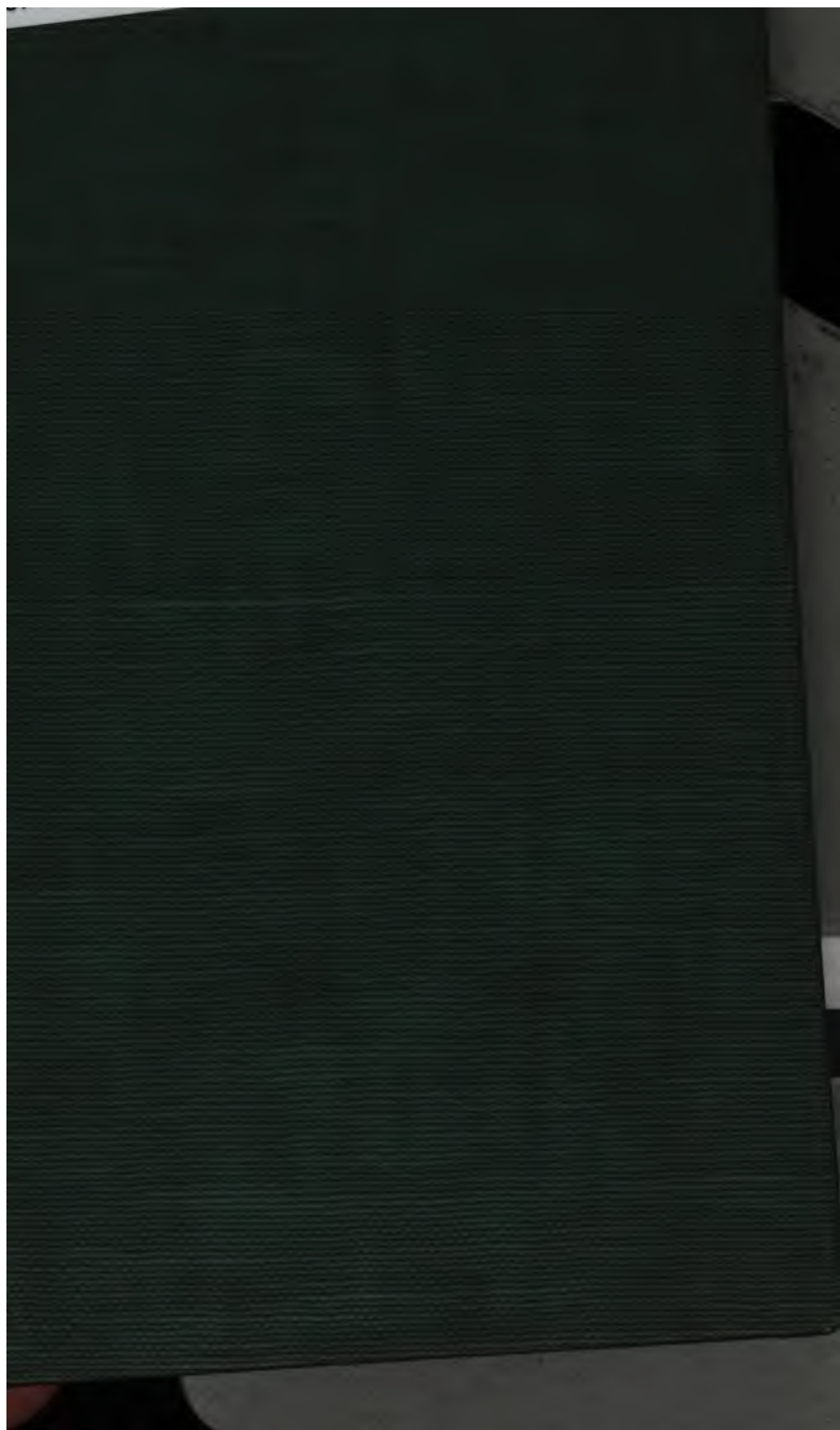
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





NBO

CHAPMAN

COPY 2







To my brother  
L. C. Wabach  
from his  
sister Gertrude  
(C. W. W.)

Dec 13<sup>th</sup> 1888  
(C. W. W.)





# FRANKLIN'S OATH:

A TALE OF

# W Y O M I N G

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

---

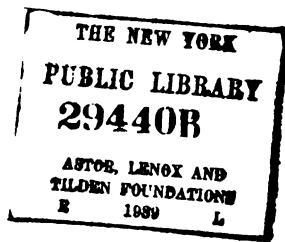
BY C. I. A. CHAPMAN.

---

"THE MORE WE KNOW OF HISTORY, THE LESS SHALL WE ESTEEM THE SUBJECTS OF IT; AND TO DESPISE OUR SPECIES IS THE PRICE WE MUST TOO OFTEN PAY FOR OUR KNOWLEDGE OF IT."—*Lacon*.

---

PITTSBURGH, PA.:  
HART, PR., GAZETTE OFFICE.  
1880.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by

C. I. A. CHAPMAN.

in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

DEDICATED TO

ELIZABETH MAY CHAPMAN,

a great-grand-daughter of one conversant with the trials, sufferings and sorrows herein recorded, in the hope that its perusal may enable her rightly to estimate the value of American Freedom and to despise the luxuries and follies which now threaten to emasculate the youth of the land and thereby destroy the Liberties gained for them by the sacrifices and heroism of their fathers and mothers. The book is a small one: in Literature, it is said, "our taste will be discovered by that which we give, and our judgment by that which we withhold."



## FRANKLIN'S OATH:

### A TALE OF WYOMING 100 YEARS AGO.

---

The glorious orb of day was sinking towards the mountain, on a serene evening in June, 1780. The full effulgence of his rays streamed upon the placid bosom of the Susquehanna. Mountains towered grandly on every side, clothed in full panoply of early summer. The wild birch mingled its fragrant breath with the rose and the eglantine, while the lily of the valley put forth its tiny cups to take the place of the modest arbutus, now browning with age. On the right, the Wysox poured her modest current to mingle with the beautiful river, and to the left the rippling Towanda hastened her waters toward the same noble stream. The songsters of the grove had hushed their evening notes, the trill of the robin and the song of the linnet were no more, but the cat-bird was still pouring forth his matin song from the dry branch of a maple which overhung the stream, and ever and anon the early note of the whip-poor-will, was heard almost before his time, sounding afar from the mountain's foot.

Suddenly the saucy note of the songster ceased, and he flew hurriedly from the maple, frightened by some object beneath. The tangled shubbery was slowly drawn aside and the form of a man rose from beneath. Peering cautiously on every side, he stepped out from the copse, and placing his hand over his eyes to

shield them from the slant rays of the sun, gazed long and anxiously toward the east side of the river. Nothing worthy of notice seemed to reward his gaze. Turning slowly toward the bush from whence he had arisen, he spoke:

"We're off the scent, Captain Franklin; I'm almost sure they're on the other side, but I can't see them."

"I'll not believe it, Will; I'll not believe it. The trail's on this side and has been since the Indian battle. Down this side came Brant and his red-skins and Butler and his murderers, and up this trail they of the same kidney will always travel. Honest men like a plain path, but snakes like a dark trail. Depend upon it, they're on this path, and here we must stay."

The second speaker, at that moment, would have formed a fine study for a Trumbull or a West. He had stepped forward from the shadow of the foliage and was standing in the full beams of the setting sun. A hunting cap of raccoon skin, ornamented in front with a silver brooch, surmounted a forehead of almost unnatural breadth and height, beneath which were glaring two eyes of dark hazel, restless as those of a frightened stag; a high Roman nose, with nostril thin, clean cut and beautiful, was over a mouth whose thin lips were set in permanent defiance, yet whose whole expression was majesty itself. A hunting suit of home-made woolen was gathered at the neck with a button of deer's horn and was bordered at the knee with smoke-tanned deer skin fringe. Under the left arm hung a rough pouch of the same material, while a long powder horn depended from the other shoulder. Leathern leggins completed the covering of the nether limbs and cow hide shoes concealed the feet. In the hollow of the left arm lay a short and heavy rifle.

Such is the dress and aspect of the man who stands before you, gentle reader,—the leader of a scouting expedition in defense of the frontier settlement at Wyoming. Statesman, politician, soldier, farmer, magistrate, patriot—John Franklin has been



already for eighty years the cynosure of the public eye in northern Pennsylvania. Ardent, indefatigable, fond of popularity—but fonder of justice—he stood forth the acknowledged leader of Wyoming's Yankee men.

General Washington was at this time holding his own against Clinton, before New York, but the pall of discouragement and disaster had not yet lifted from the patriot cause. In the South, the battle of King's Mountain had relieved present anxiety and given heart to the friends of Liberty, but the crushing defeat of Gates had left little remains of a regular army, and Nathaniel Green had not yet arrived to stem the advance of tyranny and re-inspire the patriot cause.

The companion of Franklin, to whom we first introduced the reader, is William Satterlee, one of a party of six trusty Connecticut men, settlers and citizens of the town of Westmoreland, on the Susquehanna, at that time politically recognized in the Colony of Connecticut, and at Hartford its capital, as an integral portion of the county of Litchfield. For three days these hardy men had scouted through the forest, in the hope of cutting off a party of confidential messengers, known to have started from the headquarters of Sir Henry Clinton, at New York, to communicate with Col. John Butler and other leading Tories at Niagara.

This communication was constantly kept up; for the remnants of the Six Nations, though humbled and broken by the victory of Sullivan, were still marauding through the mountains, and the garrisons at Niagara and Kingston were the *nuclei* around which gathered every element foreign to the cause of American Independence and disposed to strengthen and support the British arms at New York.

Four other hardy men now cautiously emerged from the covert of the woods, and gathering around their leaders, held earnest consultation as to the prospects of the expedition.

"I say, Will," said one of them, a lithe and wiry young man



of perhaps twenty-two years, "the game has dodged us this time, I reckon; hadn't we better camp?"

"Not yet, 'Lisha," said Satterlee; "the twilight is long and the moon is high; we'll have nearly two hours before bed-time to look for the 'cow-boys,' and the Captain here says they're sure to keep this trail."

"I'm not so sure of that, William," said Harding, for that was the name of the other; "some Tory friend may lend them canoes at Black Walnut, and they may be here to-night by the way of the river."

"Well said," exclaimed Franklin, "well said, Harding. That's possible, and more than possible. The Secords and VanAlstynes may indeed furnish them canoes, and if they can pole the riffs, they can make fair headway. Three of you go down to that little cove yonder, below the creek, and watch, while two get supper at once. The fawn we shot at noon must hold out till to-morrow night, for we've no time to fish, and as for bread, I s'pose its all gone."

"Not yet, Captain; not yet; there's a crust or two in the bag, besides the parched corn and sausage."

The last speaker was a beautiful youth of perhaps twenty years, a model of grace and strength, named Lebbeus Hammond, and to him, by common consent, the culinary affairs of the company had been assigned.

He was gathering sticks for a fire, preparatory to opening the knapsacks, while Franklin leaned against an elm surveying him with evident admiration! "Sausage, Leb! It's not possible you've got sausage on this scout!"

"Certainly, Captain; why not? Granny Headley fatted a fine pig last fall, or rather late in the winter; she saved a few choice curls in the spring-house and brought them to me when I was packing my knapsack."

As the young man spoke, the splash of paddles came distinctly on the night air, and a moment later a long low whistle from

Satterlee and Harding brought the party prone to the ground in an instant.

Darkness had well nigh covered the landscape, but the party, now all assembled at the cave, could easily make out two canoes rounding the point below, propelled by the arms of their occupants, eight in number, some holding setting poles and the remainder paddles. Onward they came, slowly pushing their way through the overhanging foliage, while twice the wild duck's brood, startled from their evening shelter, shot athwart their way and sent the limpid element in many a flashing shower beneath the rays of the young moon.

Onward they came, onward to meet their enemies. Suddenly, as the shallow water impeded their progress, there was a rush from the shore—six strong arms seized the sides of the canoes, and in a moment their occupants were canted into the water. The struggle was short and decisive. Taken completely by surprise, the boatmen were precipitated into the stream, their arms; seized by the assailants, were turned upon them, and the conflict was over. Three escaped in the darkness; the other five were captured and secured.

"Here it is, Captain!" exclaimed Satterlee, as he held aloft a portmanteau which he had found in the bottom of the leading canoe; "here's the documents." As he spoke he unrolled the lining and produced a large bundle of papers taped, and sealed. "Here's Clinton's orders to Bloody Butler and his devilish allies!"

"Don't open them, Will; we'll have supper first. Watch the prisoners narrowly, and guard them carefully."

The canoes were soon hauled ashore, the captives tied to trees, the evening meal of venison prepared and discussed, and then Franklin and his trusted lieutenants proceeded to examine the papers.

Cipher dispatches were probably as much in vogue with Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne as with modern politicians, but

while the necessity of such cautions was understood, between the lines of the armies, they were less recognized as necessary when the message was to be sent by trusty envoys, through the wilderness which then stretched almost unbroken from Minisink to the borders of Seneca Lake, and from the forks of the Delaware to the head waters of the Genesee. The captives, who stood bound to the trees and guarded by three of the settlers, were almost forgotten in the eagerness with which Franklin and his three companions, Satterlee, Harding and Hammond, now proceeded to investigate the contents of the portmanteau; nevertheless, having produced and opened it, with proper deference they handed it to their commander. Taking from it the coveted documents, Franklin lighted a pine knot from his own knapsack and proceeded to decipher the writing, while the other three busied themselves with further rummaging under the lining of the valise.

"Ha! what have we here?" exclaimed Satterlee. "On my life, a spy-glass. Look, boys! No cheap affair, either! A genuine 'British Admiralty'—three lenses, silver mounted. I'll sell that to Col. Zeb. Butler! What next?" And as he spoke, he unrolled a tightly wound bundle and displayed to the wondering gaze of his companions a British undress uniform of scarlet broadcloth, with epaulets, frogs and gold lace trimmings.

"Well done, Will," said Harding; "what are you going to do with that? The Colonel won't buy that, if he does the spy-glass!"

"Wear it, 'Lisha," said Hammond; "wear it, of course. Ain't he as well able to wear it, as the squaws were to wear all that toggery on the day after the battle? I've heard Granny Headley say she sat in the corner of the Fort, long side Mary Bennett, and saw the squaws cavorting 'round in uniform, mounted on horseback, with bloody scalps hung to their waists and our women's bonnets on hind-side before."

"Yes, Leb, but they were savages, while he pretends to be human and Christian."

"You're right, Lisha, but isn't it a pity that such fine feathers should cover such mean birds? Why is it that the greatest rascals, robbers and villains this earth produces are the ones who wear the finest clothes, spend the most money and exercise the most influence?"

As the young man uttered this pungent question, he raised himself from his examination of the scattered contents of the portmanteau and turned an animated and inquiring eye upon the others.

Lebbeus Hammond was a youth who in any circle would have arrested attention. Nearly six feet high, but faultless in the symmetry of his figure, with a countenance bold and manly, features whose outlines were perfect, an eye which one moment flashed with the hidden energies of a noble soul, and the next melted in liquid radiance at some softer and appealing sentiment; with muscles already strung and hardened by the hardships of frontier life, yet not exhibiting aught but the full roundness of early youth—he gazed at that moment upon his companions as though he would wring from them the answer to this question—the question of the ages—Why, in the economy of Divine Providence has it been necessary to assign so great a measure of success to the machinations of the wicked?

Hammond's father had been a member of Captain Bidlack's company, and had fallen by the spear of a savage on the fatal 3d of July. His mother had succumbed to the hardships which followed during the flight across the "Shades of Death," but his old grandmother had endured it all; and now, having returned with the returning emigrants, she occupied with her grandson, the only stay of her advanced age, a little slab tenement near Wyoming Fort. Next door to this little structure stood the house of Captain James Bidlack, a much more imposing building, framed and clapboarded; but its master was no more. He had not fallen in the fatal battle, but a far worse fate was his. Elliot, from

his concealment, had seen him held down by the spears of the savages, until he literally roasted to death in a fire of pine knots. His young wife and daughter Rose, a lovely girl of sixteen years, fled with the rest to the mountains, reaching the settlements on the Delaware, and ultimately finding refuge in Connecticut. But a home was there for them; the ties of consanguinity were loosened. A new home and new associations had weaned the mother's heart, and she followed back to the desolate spot now rendered sacred by the untimely death of her gallant husband. There, in a small cottage near the Fort, she sat down with her little girl to mourn the fate of the lost one, and to do what she could for the young and rising settlement. A woman of taste, industry and refinement, her little home soon began once more to bloom with modes of adornment, and the living within, though pinched and scanty was yet comfortable. Her only delight was in training the young and blooming girl at her side, who already gave promise of surpassing beauty, and withal, of a modest, discreet and teachable spirit.

The most cherished friend of Mrs. Bidlack was her neighbor who has been introduced to the reader as Granny Headley. This remarkable woman was a relic of that stalwart generation which carried on the Old French War. Her husband had fallen at the siege of Lewisburg. She had emigrated to Wyoming with her son-in-law, Hammond, bringing with her the evidences of title which her husband had acquired in Susquehanna lands, and now, when Hammond had fallen on the bloody field, and his wife succumbed to the hardships which followed, she leaned only upon the grand-son Lebbeus, our young scout who follows Franklin. No need had she of a more gallant defender and friend. Devoted to his grand-mother, her comfort was the study of his life; all the sportiveness and hilarity of his years were governed and restrained by the all-absorbing intent and motive of what he called "taking care of Granny." But one other sentiment seemed to animate

him, and what that was, may have been divined by those who for two years past had noted the fraternal fondness with which he regarded the motions and sought the companionship of the girl who lived next door, the young and blooming Rose Bidlack. Rose—

“Too innocent for coquetry,  
Too fond for idle scorning,”

knew not yet any sentiment save the childish fondness for a play-mate, nor dreamed that the partiality she cherished for young Hammond had ought in it that foreshadowed a deeper and a holier feeling which should color and adorn every action, and guide and determine every plan of her young life. To her the memory of the suffering and death of her murdered father was the eventuality around which all past history revolved, and the patient, loving, tender care of her bereaved mother embraced all she knew or dreamed of the perfectability of human nature. Connecticut was the far-off land of her ancestry, peopled with a race of heroes who had performed prodigies of valor at Quebec, at Martinique and the Havana, prodigies of which the demi-gods of Homer and Hesiod had never dreamed, and which if related would put to shame the Iliad and the Odyssey. Wyoming was a palpable young paradise, just opening upon her girlish vision, whose sombre oaks and pitch-pine barrens were peopled with Gnomes, Satyrs and Fairies, in whom the good constantly predominated over the evil. Even the savage Indians were to her pure soul beings in whom the image of the Maker was but half obscured, and she sometimes fancied she could disarm the enmity of the savage warriors and avert their blows with the blithe carol of her songs and the merry music of her words.

The investigations made by our young scouts into the knapsacks of their prisoners were rewarded not only by the possession of the spy-glass and the uniform, but of what was at that early day of much more value, some twenty pounds sterling good hard

silver of the realm, sent as a present or private contribution from Sir Henry Clinton to the military chest of Col. John Butler.

As the glittering day-star arose over the distant hills of the Wyalusing, the prisoners were aroused from the place where they had been sleeping under guard, each one securely pinioned at the elbows; and one man having been detached to take the canoes and arms down the river, the party started on their route for Wyoming—six guards and five captives. Surely 'it must be with watching and care that the distant Fort could be reached.

Franklin and Satterlee were in front, William Slocum and Stephen Gardner brought, up the rear, while Harding and Hammond were outlying and flanking on each side, nimble as fawns, now in front climbing some lofty rock or leaning pine to secure an outlook, and now lagging that they might better listen for any indications of pursuit on the part of the men who had escaped the night before.

Only those who have travelled over the Forkston and Mehoopany region can appreciate the character of the difficulties which our little party had now to surmount.

One hundred years have passed, yet its wildness at this writing (1880) is scarcely subdued. The little Alpine village of "East Lemon" and the surrounding farms give token of some attempt at cultivation; a few handsome plantations on the upper Mehoopany also relieve the eye; but in all material points the landscape is the same as on the morning when Franklin and his trusty men pushed swiftly up the "Albany branch" of the Towanda and laid their course, "as the crow flies," for the distant plains of Wyoming.

The mists of the morning were drifting up in dense clouds from the river, and whirling in many a graceful eddy as they passed beneath the budding maples and majestic elms and buttonwoods which fringed the lovely stream. The robin was carolling his blithe song overhead, and the blue-bird greeting his mate with that joyous twitter so cheerful and inspiring; and as

Franklin and his Lieutenant pressed rapidly onward, inspired by their songs, the thoughts of each caught animation from nature around—that delicious feeling which the glories of an American landscape in June scarcely ever fail to yield, even to the most prosaic and unsentimental.

As they commenced the ascent of the mighty headland known to us as “Tyler Mountain,” they found themselves far in advance of their party, and conversation became possible.

“I say, Captain,” commenced Satterlee, “suppose Butler had got these papers; do you think he would have been able to do anything towards helping the British at New York?”

“Not at all, William,” replied Franklin; “Clinton needs no help from any quarter at present. He is so strong that he has already sent Cornwallis to the South. Washington is now trying to amuse him with feigned attacks, but he must soon follow. The French fleet is already there, and if I mistake not, the conflict will be decided in Virginia, not at New York. If the British can effect a permanent lodgment along the James River, and cut the Northern colonies off from the Southern, our fate is sealed; but if Cornwallis fails there, if he gets too far inland and our folks should be numerous enough to surround him—if in any event he should be defeated, the game is ours. Europe will recognize us and we are A NATION.”

As he spoke these words, the partisan trod the path with the step of a monarch. He seemed to be moving upon air. His eye flashed with excitement, his form quivered with the proud emotions of abounding patriotism, his nostril dilated with the passion within, and he seemed the very embodiment of the genius of American Liberty.

The sun was now riding high towards the meridian, and yet the scouts had scarcely tasted food. Nothing had been eaten in the morning but a few hurriedly cut slices from the haunches of the fawn, and now as the party paused on the summit of Tyler Mountain to survey the wondrous panorama which



lay to the eastward, they seized the opportunity to discuss the few remaining scraps of bread and the cooked sausage, to which Hammond had alluded. To their right, the vast ridge of the North Mountain was piled in towering crags and covered with a sombre forest; to the left, the winding Susquehanna gave ever and anon a glimpse of burnished silver as it struggled among its everlasting hills, revealing touches of beauty and visions of light and shade, of contour and relief, which the far-famed valley of the Rhine has perhaps equalled but never surpassed; while in the front and toward the east, mountain after mountain rose in serried ranks of grand array, ridge succeeding ridge and peak surmounting peak, still softening in color and aspect, till the vision was at last bounded by the majestic outline of the Kittatinny, level on its top as a water line, save where the Gaps of the Delaware and Lehigh burst the mighty ridge.

"Look!" said Satterlee, "Look, Captain. Where on earth is there a mountain scene like this?"

"Nowhere, Will, nowhere on earth; and yet we shall be called upon to give up this fair inheritance, after we have won it from the tyranny of England and her Hessian hirelings."

"Give it up, Captain, did you say? What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, William, that when this cruel war of the Mother Country against her children is over, then will re-open, in all its bitterness, the strife of the two great commonwealths for the possession of this land—never I fear to be decided in my day. You boys may see it through, but I fear I never shall."

As he spoke, he stretched his arm as if in invocation, and gazed with a wistful gaze out upon the noble scene. "William," he continued, "this land is ours. The British King gave it to our fathers twenty-two years before his grant to Wm. Penn. We extinguished the red-men's title five years before a Pennamite ever settled in the Valley. The savages drove us out but, we came again; we settled

and improved the soil. When King George sent his red-coats, and Butler led his green-coated cut-throats in here, we were in quiet possession. We furnished double our quota of men, over and above any other Connecticut town, for Washington's army, and that is why we were defenseless in the day of cruel trial; that is why you boys are fatherless and your mothers widows. The land is ours, William—the soil is Connecticut soil, and by the bones of my father, which moulder under the walls of Lewisburg, we never will give it up!—no, never!”

The partisan's arm quivered with emotion, and his frame seemed to dilate as he uttered these words. They came from his lips with the slow and measured fullness which suppressed passion often engenders. The ornaments of his cap shook, the fringe of his hunting shirt rattled, and, as he reached the climax, his wondering and awe-struck companion gazed upon him as he would upon some vision from another sphere suddenly vouchsafed him for his guidance and direction.

The rest of the party had now joined them, and the leader gave orders to seat the prisoners in a circle, station guards around them, and to shoot the first one who made an effort to escape.

Slocum, Gardner and Hammond then built a small fire under an overhanging rock and broiled a little venison upon sticks. This was hastily partaken of by each; a few kernels of parched corn were added as dessert, and quenching their thirst from a spring which bubbled from beneath the rock, they resumed their march.

Onward they pushed in the same order, down one fork of the Mehoopany to its junction with another beneath the shadow of that tremendous escarpment formed by the great spine of the Alleghanies, where it breaks down for the passage of the Susquehanna—onward for miles, beneath a sheer precipice, beetling a thousand feet on their right—onward, along the windings of the bright Mehoopany as it springs and tumbles and roars from the great table-land which stretches off west toward the Loyalsock and

the Muncy. And now turning gradually to the left, they surmount the Mehoopany Mountain, and as the last rays of the setting sun gleam upon the spires of the towering pines which crown the summit, they plunge into the dense thicket which covers the top of that grand old mountain, and clearing a narrow space among the dense underwood, prepare their evening camp.

Two separate fires were kindled—one for the guarded prisoners and one for their captors. The sentry was posted, two were detailed to mount guard, and Franklin, Satterlee and Hammond drew up to the other fire to gather an hour or two of fitful rest, before it came their turn to mount guard. It would have afforded a grand study for the pencil of a Rembrandt or Van Dyke to look in upon the group as they rested on that summer's night upon the lonely mountain top. Man, alone with Nature, partakes of her sublimity. Men together in the sombre forest would at any time afford a picture for the painter's art, but add the element of martial accoutrements and human captivity, and you produce a combination weird and impressive in the last degree.

The silvery light of the moon in her second quarter, streamed in among the boughs of the giant hemlocks, half lighting, half concealing the strange group. The varnished leaves of the high laurel and the rhododendron contrasted strongly with their pink and white bunches, rivalling in beauty the famed magnolia of the South. The pendant blossoms of the trumpet vine and the dark leaves of the wild ivy hung in many a festoon from the dog-wood and the sassafras. The whole was lit up by the quivering, glancing light and that grand sighing moan, familiar only to the lovers of the forest, was sounding from the tops of the pines as they gently swayed above, while not a leaf was stirring beneath.

In a narrow circle around one fire sat the prisoners, with arms pinioned and heads bowed upon their breasts, while Gardner and Slocum, with loaded rifles, paced backward and forward on either side.

At the other fire sat Franklin, with his back against a hemlock of prodigious size, his cow-hide shoes removed from his tired feet,

and his belt and accoutrements unstrapped, but the short, trusty rifle was within reach of his arm at the side of the tree, and the long hunting knife with buck-horn handle was in his hand, while the other held a small section of the sausage from which he slowly cut an occasional fragment, at the same time helping himself to a little parched corn, which lay by him in a hollow piece of bark. Dispersed, in different attitudes about the fire, lay his three trusty followers, resting themselves on sprays of the hemlock, as they conversed in an animated tone of their expedition and its favorable aspect, while frequently some disputed point was instantly referred to the better information and judgment of their leader.

"Captain, how is it? William thinks you camped a year ago with Sullivan about where we were last night?"

"Not so, Leb; he is wrong. Flanking parties detached from each company were sent out on each side of the river, but the main force was on the east side. We reached Wysauking about noon—if I remember rightly, on the 9th of August, and rested there till near three o'clock. Sullivan with his staff took dinner on the bank of the creek, just opposite to where we caught the 'cow-boys' last night. His personal guard had been detailed from my company, the day before, while on the Wyalusing flat. After the detail was made, the rest of my command was attached to Hand's Brigade, and kept up scouting and fatigue duty all the while."

"But, Captain, how is it?" A long whistle here interrupted the question, and as each man sprang to his arms, it was immediately followed by the hooting of an owl, imitated with a fidelity which might have deceived the bird himself.

"Ha!" exclaimed Satterlee. "All right! the 'three owl hoots' are understood wherever Connecticut men find either houses or camps, between these mountains."

A rustling was now heard in the thicket towards the east, and simultaneously with the challenge of Slocum came the hearty re-

sponse, "a friend!" The next instant the figure of a man crossed the beams of the moonlight behind, and stalked to the fire.

"Good night, Captain Franklin."

"Jo Elliott, as I'm a sinner!" exclaimed Harding.

"Jo Elliott!" echoed each one of the party, as they in turn grasped the hand of the new comer and wrung it with every sign of heartiest welcome.

The stranger, without further invitation, dropped a blanket which he had carried tied across the shoulder, laid it down for a seat, upon the hemlock boughs, and seating himself with feet stretched towards the fire, commenced the mastication of a piece of venison which Harding passed to him.

"Let me eat first, boys, and I'll answer your questions afterwards; I'm as hungry as a dog. I heard of you at Wyalusing, from your canoe man. He said he feared you were not strong enough to get through safe, so I took my gun and started, expecting to overhaul you by three o'clock, but I came by Mehoopany and struck too far to the North. I crossed your trail once near the north end of the Great Ledge, but not feeling sure it was fresh enough, I beat the bush an hour before I followed it. Give us another slice of that venison, 'Lisha, and then go on with that yarn you were spinning when I whistled."

"Just as you gave that hoot, Jo, we were asking the Captain about the Sullivan campaign."

"You were there, too, I believe," said Hammond.

"Yes, Lebbeus, John Carey and I, with two others, went behind and posted runners every three miles between Wilkes-Barre and the army, so as to keep up communication. Yes, I was there. Little chance will ever come in this region to kill a Britisher or cut the scalp of a red-skin, that Joe Elliot will not have a hand in, if he can get a chance! Those that have seen their deviltries and watched their infernal cruelty as I have,

will cherish little of what this world calls charity for them or their doings."

"I've often heard it said, Jo, that you got away from 'Queen Esther.' Is that so?"

"Of course, it's so, 'Lisha, but I don't like to talk about it; it's enough to go through it once, without going over it afterwards."

"But it won't hurt you to tell it once more," said Franklin. "Give us the story, Elliot."

The features of the other were gradually assuming a hard and fierce aspect as he prepared to reply. Drawing his feet up, he placed his hands upon his knees, then drooping his head almost level with them, and peering steadily into the fire, he commenced.

"You see, boys, I was on the right of the line with Bidlack, loading and firing through the smoke as fast as I could. I thought we were making right smart, and driving the red-coats back among the pitch-pines, when all at once some fellow on the left of me called out, 'the Colonel says fall back!' 'What's that for,' says I, 'we're doin' well enough?' I'd just brought down a Britisher, and was drawin' aim on a painted Tory that I caught sight of through the smoke, when three big Injuns sprung up as though they come out of the ground, right along side. I let one of 'em have my load through the head, and then was a clubbin' my rifle for another, when two more of the devils tripped me up, and as I struggled out they passed a thong under my arms and captured me. By this time our fellows were about all out of sight, and I could hear the Injuns a whoopin' and howlin' away behind me, down the plains, as though hell itself had broken up from under. Well they drove me along down to a place on the river bank, I should think nigh onto three-quarters of a mile, below where the scrimmage first began, and there just under the shade of a big wild cherry was a red boulder a stickin' out of the bank. Around that rock the infernal devils had made a ring of our people, and around that ring the she-devil they call their Injun Queen was walkin'

with a hatchet in her hand and singing a sort of a wild song, and every few minutes she'd stop, and when she stopped her song she would stoop, and crash would go her hatchet into the head of one of our poor fellows; and then as he fell, the whole infernal pack would set up a chorus of yells such as never went up from any place but the infernal regions. I was held by two big Injuns, and I was sort o' dazed like, you see; but pretty soon I rallied. Seven of ours had been killed that way already, since I had been there, and I see my time would soon come, so I just made up my mind, here goes for life. They'd taken the thong off my arms, and two big ones, as I tell you, had hold of me. I just twisted my body round like that, and as I did so, I kicked one of my men in the belly—he let go, and quicker'n a flash I tripped up 'tother one and sprung off the bank. In a minute there was twenty of the vermin after me, but I made for the foot of Monockony and plunged under the water. I swam under as long as I could, but as I came up the devils hit me in the shoulder. It felt like a coal, and in a minute I had no use of my left arm. How I got over the deep water I don't know, but I got up the bank somehow, and down in the grass to rest, behind a tree. By this time my shoes were full of blood, and my soaked clothes were so heavy I couldn't make time, but at last I reached the Fort and here I am."

"Well, Jo," said Franklin, "not many can tell a tale like yours. Few that become captive to the red-skins ever return to tell the story. Not that I believe they are half as much to blame for their cruelty as are those who instigate their deviltries and hire them to attack their innocent victims. They act according to the light that is in them, and 'If the light that is in us be darkness, oh, how great is that darkness!'"

As he uttered this short and pertinent quotation from words of Him who spake as never man spoke, Franklin arose from his seat at the foot of the tree, drew a few of the boughs together,

stirred the fire to a more cheerful blaze, and, stretching himself at full length before it, pulled the skirt of his hunting shirt over his head and disposed himself to sleep. The others did the same.

At the proper time the guard was relieved. With the dawn of morning the frugal breakfast was despatched, and they were again in motion in the same order as before, with Elliott bringing up the rear. Crossing the Valley of Bowman's Creek in the early morning, the party struck nearly due south. By sunrise they had rounded the outlet of that beautiful sheet of water, now the summer resort of multitudes from our Eastern cities, and without stopping, save to drink at an occasional spring, entered the Valley of Wyoming by the time the sun marked three hours beyond meridian. As his rounded disk was dipping towards the west they came in sight of Wyoming Fort and the humble structures which clustered near.

As the party neared the stockade, the booming sound of artillery was heard. Their approach had been discovered by the ever watchful pickets who patrolled the surrounding hills. The sullen sound of the four-pounder (useless except as a signal gun) went echoing from hill-top to hill-top, and soon the settlers who had gone out to gather the harvest came rushing in. The garrison of the little Fort was put under arms for their reception. The command consisted of Captain Spaulding's Independent Company consolidated with Scott's Riflemen and those of the Companies of Durkee and Ransom who had escaped from the battle of the third of July—in all probably one hundred and twenty men. This force had been rated as regular troops, though bearing little of the semblance, while the militia of the Valley were all under the immediate command of Col. Franklin and subject to his call as minute men. The whole population of the little village turned out to meet their defenders and scouts, and ranging themselves in front of the log stockade awaited their coming. A few old men were among them—aged patriarchs who had straggled back with



their daughters-in-law and grand-children to take the place of the slain and help to raise a little corn upon the flats. Behind these were ranged the women and little ones; among them Granny Headley and Mrs. Bidlack with her daughter, while to the right of this colony were drawn up the little garrison in clean but scant and shabby uniform, armed with musket, arquebuse and rifle, and here and there a halberd and spontoon.

As Captain Franklin marched up at the head of his procession and the five prisoners were descried, the four-pounder again uttered its salute, a rough flag of blue and red went streaming from the north corner of the stockade and a ringing shout of welcome, went up from all. The little cavalcade wheeled to the left as it passed the garrison. The latter came to a present arms, and the scouts and their prisoners passed through the gateway of the humble stockade with all the majestic bearing and military ardor which might have become a cohort of ancient Rome or a squadron of Knights errant of the era of Philip Augustus.

The residence of Franklin was an unpretentious log building a few rods below the stockade, near the new and (for that place) elegant home of Mr. John Abbott, which then stood at the south-west corner of what is now Main and Northampton streets, in the city of Wilkes-Barre. This had been the first building erected in the village and was still the one which exhibited the most pretensions. Having disposed of his prisoners at the Fort—leaving them under guard to await the disposition of a court martial—Franklin sought his humble home and engaged at once in the duty of making up a dispatch to Gen. Washington, giving him the tenor of the information derived from the papers he had captured, and describing the party now in his hands, subject to the disposal of the commander-in-chief. This done, he seized an hour for social intercourse, so necessary to a mind like his, and sauntered out in search of company.

It was a calm and beautiful night like the preceding one, and as the partisan leader threaded his way through the rough *melange*

of scrub oak and pitch-pine stumps, the matted wintergreen and the tangled furze which covered what is now Main street in the city, now stumbling over boulders and anon catching his foot in the treacherous and half concealed hole left by the excavation of some immense pine root, he asked himself, will all our efforts ever avail to make this a settlement and a paradise?

As he reached the residence of Mr. Abbott (the site now covered by the great market house), the sound of music struck upon his ear. The violin was in full action, accompanied by the measured and pleasing twang of a dulcimer. He paused a moment, and then with the freedom and familiarity which characterized those of the settlers who had returned in company, he tapped at the door. It was opened by Mrs. Abbott herself, a lady of gentle and dignified manners, who recognizing at a glance the caller, like the "damsel Rhoda" of old, stopped not for joy, but ran in and announced to the company, "Captain Franklin has come." Right warmly was he welcomed. Young and old crowded around the idolized partisan leader, and one would have thought, by the interest manifested, that he had been absent a month or a year, instead of five days. With a welcome smile and a kindly word to all, Franklin passed through, and pausing a few moments to look at the throng of old and young seated on the floor engaged in the animated game of "hunt the slipper," he approached the great kitchen fire-place, where the huge back-log and its mates were wont to be piled up, and drawing a splint-bottomed chair, he joined without ceremony a circle that opened with alacrity for his admission.

Let us glance over the circle and see who are here. To the right sits a man to whom the eyes of any company would turn as one born to direct if not to command—neither slender nor stout, but formed in that mold which seems to convey the impression of united strength and agility; a mild, genial, open countenance, a reserved, yet sociable manner, with a quiet self-possession which

denotes education and training. His every word fell upon the listener's ear like music; his slightest utterance arrested the attention of all who were near. This is Zebulon Butler. Opposite, in the other corner of the fire-place, is one of another mold, taller than the first, with a mild, blue eye and a figure less symmetrical, a forehead high surmounted by curling hair and an eye whose rapid changes of expression denote rather the nervous than the lymphatic temperament—such is Nathan Denison. Next to Col. Denison—but hold. If we get a description of the company, *seriatim*, time will fail us to enjoy the party, the music, the dancing and the games.

“Franklin, you're just in time,” said Butler.

“In time for what?”

“For the wedding, to be sure.”

“Wedding! Whose wedding?” and the partisan's eye lighted with surprise. “Have I intruded upon a wedding party to-night?” and he rose hastily.

“In good faith, you have, Captain, and must pay the penalty.”

As the Colonel spoke, his eye gleamed with fun, and the benevolent smile which habitually sat upon his features grew into a broad and genial laugh. “Captain you must pay the penalty of your impertinence. This morning you were the captor, leading your victims into confinement. To-night all bachelors and widowers are confiscated for public use. Unless you seek help, at female hands, no mercy will be accorded you.”

“I cry you mercy, Colonel. Quarter! quarter! you take me at a disadvantage.”

“Well, gallant Captain, hie thee at once to the other room, and hunt out the goddess who shall protect you against our ire.”

Franklin turned at the word and entered the other apartment. As he did so, the company upon the floor rose from the ‘slipper game,’ and the violin and dulcimer again struck up a lively air.

Franklin advanced to the side of Mrs. Abbott, stated what he had heard, and asked an explanation.

"Truth, Captain Franklin," said the lady, "the Colonel is right. A wedding we are to have to-night, if, so please, Parson Johnson can get here. Col. Denison is to marry Betsey Sill, and you have just come in time. We've been greatly at a loss to find a groomsman, and you are just the man for us."

"Ha! I see it all, now, madam. I could not make the Colonel out, his words were beyond my comprehension. A wedding in our new village, and the first one, at that! No longer am I in the dark; lead me to my charming partner, whoever she may be. I'll take her at a venture—'non sight, non seen,' as we boys used to say, in old Connecticut, when trading jack knives." "Indeed, Captain Franklin," replied his companion, "if you should take her to-night, even as the gallant Denison takes his chosen one, nothing would please us better. It is James Bidlack's young widow who has consented to stand up with her friend Betsey Sill, and with you at her side, gallant Captain, our wedding would be grand indeed."

As she spoke another lady drew near.

"Mrs. Bidlack, allow me to introduce one of whom you have often heard, my friend and neighbor, Captain Franklin."

As the Captain bowed his head low, and again lifted it, his eyes sought those of the lady before him with an unmistakable gaze of admiration. No pen of ours can do justice to the manner and deportment of the woman who now greeted our hero with respectful attention. The simple garb of black which covered a faultless form told its story of grief. No ornament was there, save a cornelian brooch which confined in front the folds of a turban of delicate white muslin. The shoulders were covered with a crape shawl, which depended in graceful folds nearly to the feet. She had been the wife of one of the youngest in command upon the fatal field, and the hardships since endured, the sufferings and sor-

row, had tinged with sadness and sedate composure a face which even in the gayest salons of Europe would have carried off the palm for mingled vivacity and sweetness.

"Welcome home, Captain Franklin. I trust your little party have all safely returned?"

"All safely, Madam, I thank you, owing to the care and caution exercised by each, and especially the watchfulness of our young scouts, Harding and Hammond. They were our main reliance."

"Yes, I had heard that young Hammond was with you, Captain. I had thought him almost too young to be intrusted with the responsible duties of an expedition of this kind."

The look of inquiry with which the young mother uttered this question would have betrayed, to one less versed than Franklin, an unusual interest in the reply.

"I have no more trusty follower, Madam, than Lebbeus Hammond; and let me add, none in whose character, in every way, I place more implicit confidence."

The gratified look of the lady betokened the absorbing interest she took in the person who was the subject of conversation.

A new entry here drew the attention of the company. The beloved pastor, the Rev. Jacob Johnson, had arrived. A tall and slender man, of grave countenance, driven away once from Wyoming by the savages, now returned to spend in the settlement the rest of his days, his winning manners and benevolent smile made him welcome with all.

"A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich on fifty pounds a year."

As the good old man passed through the pleasant company, and sought the elders at the great fire-place beyond, many a hand was outstretched to clasp his own, and many a young head received the pressure of the reverend hand with an uttered blessing.

At the summons of Mrs. Abbott, the company all assembled in the front room, and soon was seen re-entering the tall form of

Denison. Upon his arm hung his affianced, a young woman of probably twenty-eight years, with a handsome, ruddy face and a figure tending to stoutness. The next came Captain Franklin, and as he led forward the lovely widow and took his place beside the groom, the eyes of the company seemed taken from the principal actors to gaze upon this second couple in the play. "Can't we have two weddings as well as one?" was the demand of more than one whisper which went 'round.

The ceremony was quickly performed, and again the violin and dulcimer began their cheerful tones. And now as the company told themselves off in two parallel lines, the music grew more lively, the groom and his bride, clasping hands, passed down between the rows, and the gallant Captain followed with the young widow.

"Na cotillion brent new fra' France,  
But jigs and hornpipes, strathspeys, reels,  
Put life and mettle in their heels."

Let us leave them to their enjoyment while we follow a pair who, as the dance commenced, passed from the door of the house.

Granny Headley had been especially invited, and on account of her years the first intention had been to decline, but the temptation to witness the first wedding was too much for the old lady, and she had gone in the afternoon to an early tea with Mrs. Abbott. Tired out with the unwonted excitement, the old lady had started home attended by her grand-son.

"You need not go with me, Lebbeus," said the old lady; "stay and enjoy yourself. It is but a step home, and nothing will harm me."

"No, grandma, not so; you might trip your old foot in some of these pine or scrub oak roots, and down you would go—perhaps break a limb. What think you I would do then—what would become of me?"

The ancient dame took his arm with a silent blessing to that Heaven which had left her such a comfort as this in the last days

of her life, and they walked slowly towards their little home.

As they passed the residence of Mrs. Bidlack, Rose sat in the door enjoying the moonlight and gazing out over the unobstructed view which then stretched from the "Diamond" to the Kingston Mountain. The young girl bade them a cheerful good evening, and added, "Will you not come in?"

"Thank you, Rose," said the old lady, "I am fatigued and must hasten to bed; but Lebbeus, if you like, can come and sit with you."

The young man escorted his grand-dame to her little gate, and then, returning, seated himself by his young friend.

"Why were you not at the wedding, Rose? I expected certainly to meet you there."

"You know, Lebbeus, that mother does not wish me to attend public assemblies."

"True; but as she was going herself, it would have done no harm to have taken you with her."

"Nothing but the urgent entreaties of her friend Betsy Sill prevailed upon her to go. She does not permit herself to go out, and, of course, when she went, I had to stay home to keep house."

"Rose, I am glad that grand-mother's coming home has given me the opportunity to speak with you. We may be too young, perhaps, to talk much of the future; but while I was away on this last scout with Franklin, I made up my mind not to let another opportunity pass without telling you that if the proposed recruits are raised here I purpose joining Spaulding's company and going east with it."

The young girl's countenance fell. She struggled a moment with inward emotion, and the young man saw, as she looked up, that the two blue eyes, half shaded by the raven curls, were swimming in tears.

"Leb, why do you so wish to join the army? Are there not enough already cut off by the hand of violence, by the cruel Briton,

the heartless Tory and the painted savage? Has the passion for wandering, of which you have often spoken, taken possession again? Do you wish Granny Headley to pine away and die, with no one to take care of her? Do you wish us—"

But here the emotion was too great—the young girl's head fell forward into her little hands, the world of raven tresses fell over the gleaming arms, and a half suppressed sob came from her overflowing heart.

"Rose, now don't take on so."

The reference to his grand-mother's defenseless condition had touched the tenderest part of the young man's nature.

"Don't take on so; if Granny Headley and your mother and you don't want me to go, I won't say any more about it; but 'Lisha Harding and Will Slocum and a lot more are going, and I thought I ought to go, for the Captain says we're going to have worse times after we whip the British than we have now."

"What does he mean by that?" and the young girl raised her swimming eyes to his in astonishment.

"Why, he says, Rose, that when this war is over, and the Colonies have gained their independence of Great Britain, the trouble with the Pennamites will break out fiercer than ever, and our settlements will be destroyed."

"Leb, I cannot believe it. I am a girl, and know nothing of these things; but I never will believe that a great Colony like Pennsylvania will turn her arms against her own children, and rob and murder them after they have helped to fight her battles against the common enemy."

"Yes, that's all very well, Rose, but Captain Franklin's a long-headed man, and he says if the quarrel was only between the Colonies, it might soon be settled. What he calls the *Sovereignty* he thinks will be settled either by reference to Congress or to the King; but before it is settled there'll be so many settlements and plantations between these mountains and up and down this river,



that declaring the Sovereignty won't close the matter. No matter which Colony, he says, is the winner, the title to the soil has got to be settled afterwards; and there's where the pinch will be. Connecticut land titles, he says, won't be recognized by Pennsylvania, and Connecticut is too far off to defend them by force; and so, between the two, our folks will be deserted and left to fight another civil war for this land after the Nation's battles are over."

"Well, Leb, it may be as you say, but I hope for the best. I am willing to bear anything the Lord sends upon us, and perhaps it will be better for us to bear trials and sufferings in our youth than to have them come upon us in our old age. If my dear mother can be spared me, I care not what happens."

"And is there no one else but your mother, Rose, who can claim your anxiety and share your interest?"

The young girl's head again dropped, and her little hand fell lightly into one which sought its companionship. There was a moment of silence as he pressed his lips to her brow and then, rising from her seat, she looked down toward the west where the beams of the sinking moon were silvering the far hill-tops of Hanover and glancing among the leaves of the wild birches and sumachs which still obstructed the half opened street.

"I wonder mother don't come—it's getting late, Leb."

Even as she spoke two figures came in view, and soon their footsteps quickened and they recognized Captain Franklin and Mrs. Bidlack.

"Rose, are you up yet; how is this?"

"Mother, I could not sleep if I went to bed without you, and besides, Granny Headley said Leb might stay with me."

"Captain Franklin," said Hammond, "have you work cut out for us to-morrow?"

"None to-morrow, Lebbeus. I must hold court here to-morrow and the next day go to my harvest in Huntington. Will you go down with me, Leb?"

"Go with you, Captain? Aye! go with you anywhere, where-

ever your word calls. Captain Franklin, you may be always sure of seeing two behind you, and they are Elisha Harding and Lebbeus Hammond."

"Thank you, Leb, for your partiality. Hold yourself in readiness; another party of marauding savages have been heard of in the Muncy country, and before we know it, they may be down on us."

"Good night, ladies," and the lithe and sinewy forms of the two friends disappeared and the ladies retired.

At eight o'clock on the following morning, Franklin might have been seen carefully wending his way between the stumps and boulders, towards the stockade, styled by courtesy of the settlers a "Fort." This enclosure was formed of split logs, each section being set in the earth endways, with its flat side lapping upon the flat side of the adjoining one some two or three inches. Loop-holes were made for small arms and the little "tour pounder," already mentioned, was on the northern angle.

As the Captain approached, a single sentinel wheeled upon his heel and seemed about to present arms, an impulse which was instantly checked by observing that Franklin was in civilian's apparel, without any suggestion of rank or uniform. He, however, bowed his head, a salutation which the other similarly acknowledged as he passed within. Approaching the largest of four log houses which stood along the east side of the enclosure, he entered, and advancing to the fire-place, seated himself and taking down a large record book from the mantle, rapidly turned over the leaves. While thus occupied, the door opened and a young man entered and approached him.

"How now, Obadiah; what's this I see—two cases on hand for immediate attention?"

"Yes, Captain Franklin, and both aggravated cases. They say there was an execution here when Sullivan went through, and there ought to be two more."

"What! an execution?"

"Nothing short of it, Captain ; a man who tampers with the enemy in war times, hanging is too good for him."

"Have we such an aggravated case as that, Obadiah?"

"We have, Captain. We suspected Bill Leader and Jake Breakall, for some time, of designs that were not what they should be. You see, those fellows are from down towards Fort Augusta. They're not 'Yankees,' nor 'Blue Noses;' they're tarred with a 'Tory' stick, and so we laid for them ; and sure enough one night after guard mount, we saw them under the window talking with the three coveys that you and Satterlee and the rest brought down on your first trip. We heard Van Alstyne and Leadbetter agree to cut through the floor and light a fire near the magazine, and Leader and Breakall were to help them out by boring loose two bars and fixing a bed for them to drop on. They'd a done it last night, Captain, but we changed their room and fettered them and sat the time for the court to-day, calculating you would be home ; but if you hadn't come, Col. Zeb Butler said he'd 'tend to it anyhow."

"All right, Gore ; as soon as the Colonel comes in we'll hold court and make a summary matter of it."

The rattle of the reveille and the boom of the little gun here announced business of more than ordinary importance, and as the symmetrical form of Col. Zeb Butler entered the stockade in Continental uniform, the corporal's guard turned out to meet him. The blue and red ensign again appeared upon the angle of the stockade, and in a few moments Captain Spaulding, a tall soldierly looking man, with gray whiskers and a mild blue eye, formed his little company on dress-parade. Adjutant Stark marched up and down the line, attended by a man fifer and a boy drummer, and the morning orders announced that a military court would forthwith convene for the trial of privates Breakall and Leader.

Re-entering the log house, the court was formed, and truly none with Washington at New York, or Cornwallis in Virginia,

could sit with more of dignity and propriety than did that tribunal of military pioneers.

To the right of Col. Butler sat Franklin, to the left Spaulding, while Surgeon Wm. Hooker Smith acted as Recorder. The garrison was drawn up standing at ease in front of the open door, and behind them, with many a curious look and urgent straining of the neck, stood such of the settlers as had been called from all parts by the signal guns of yesterday.

Adjutant Stark appeared as Judge Advocate, and after due reading of the Articles of War, he summoned his witnesses and opened the case in form.

It proved a very plain one ; the story already told by Orderly Sergeant Obadiah Gore was in every particular proven. No rebutting evidence was offered, and after a few moments consultation, the court sentenced the prisoners to receive fifty lashes each, and run the gauntlet of the garrison.

The whipping was at once performed, after which the garrison formed in double line, armed with sticks, clubs and goads. The men were taken to one end and forced to run between the lines to the other. As they came out, wounded and bleeding, they were remanded to prison to await removal under guard, towards the patriot army, there to be further dealt with according to the will of the commander-in-chief.

The court martial having been disposed of, Franklin had now to appear in another capacity. Again returning to the great log building, proclamation was made by Obadiah Gore, that " John Franklin, Esq., Justice of the Peace in and for the county of Litchfield, in the Colony of Connecticut, would hold court here to-day," and commanding the return of all writs issued at the last sitting, and a general jail delivery of all persons confined on whatever charge, and their instant appearance before him. Forthwith Jacob Tubbs was arraigned, charged with secreting sundry kettles, a rifle and bedding, late the estate of Col. George

Dorrance, and withholding the articles from the administrators of the estate. The case was a plain one, resulting in conviction and a sentence to receive twenty-five lashes, pay a fine of five pounds sterling and costs of court.

Mary Pritchard was also arraigned for "unnecessarily going from her place of abode on the Lord's day, the tenth of November last." Convicted, and ordered that she pay a fine of five shillings to the town of Westmoreland, and costs of Court. Court was then adjourned, and the Magistrate, in company with nearly all of his neighbors, proceeded to the landing.

A barge was in sight, poled by four stout men, and, as it neared the landing, a stout, benevolent looking gentleman stepped from a cabin at the stern and advanced to the bow to meet his friends. It was Matthias Hollenback with his first boat-load of goods for the Wyoming market, and never did argosy land at Venice or Genoa more welcome than this humble boat-load of pioneers, traps and trinkets, groceries, flour and provisions, as it tied up to the wharf where the Atherton mansion now graces the bank of the Susquehanna.

On the following morning a jovial party of three might have been seen wending their way towards the landing; it was Franklin and his two young companions, Harding and Hammond, *en route* for Huntington. Each of the party appeared in the costume before described, and carried the usual knapsack of deer-skin slung with the thongs of the same material from their shoulders. The trusty rifle was, of course, their never failing accompaniment, the long powder horn and bullet-pouch depended beneath the left arm, a woolen blanket of scanty dimensions surmounted the knapsack, and a huge hunting-knife was carried in a leathern sheath at the side.

As they neared the barge they were greeted with many a pleasant word from Hollenback and his crew, and stepped on board

a few moments to supply themselves with gunpowder, salt and a few hand crackers.

Proceeding to a little cove which set in below the usual landing, they launched a canoe and shoved out upon the bosom of the beautiful river.

The world has heard much of the "Sweet Vale of Avoca," of Cashnure and its paradise, of the Jumna, the Rhine and the Guadalquiver; but who that has ever passed down the Susquehanna, by raft or boat, will need to envy any descriptions of foreign scenery. The grand old mountains, just far enough away to give beauty without roughness, the majestic elms and buttonwoods which fringe the river banks, the willows with their bright green leaves, the climbing ivy covering and concealing the deformities of every dead limb and decaying trunk, the beautiful columbine waving its festoons from the grand old walnuts and dogwoods and wild cherries, and down beneath the margin of the bank that end-  
less waving "Chaparral" of spikewood, lancewood and green-thorn mingled with flowers of every hue, while in and through and over all, the thrush is sounding his flute-like note, the robin pouring out his full and rounded trill, and every pause between is filled up with the wild music of the cat-bird and the soft cooing of the dove.

Such was the scene and such the glad accompaniments which greeted our boating party on this July morning as they rounded the river's bend, passed over "Toby's Eddy," and shot rapidly down the river between the bold bluffs of the Shawnee mountain on the right, and the lovely glades of Hanover on the left.

"Captain," said Hammond, "I thought you told me last night that Satterlee was to be with us?"

"He thought he would, but not from the fort. He works on the lower flats, and may join us further down. The Jamesons, you know, are his kinsmen, and it's just possible he goes down there to help them with their harvest instead of helping me with mine.

If he does not join us here I shall not much expect him unless it be at Shickshinny."

The canoe was now nearing the Nanticoke narrows, and as the mountains curved grandly in on each side, with their lofty summits towering, crag piled on crag, the little party paused from their labor and gazed entranced upon the sublime scene. To the left the noble hills rounded up, receding and advancing in wonderful relief, while behind them the mountain line was broken only by the Solomon Gap. In front an immense precipice towered over the river, clothed to its foot with cedar, hemlock and pine; while on the right the advancing mountain had suddenly receded, and the re-entering angle formed by the recession was a towering crag of successive buttresses, scarred and colored with ochre and purple and brown, relieved by the bright green of the laurel and the snowy blossoms of the dog-wood.

" Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
Was bathed in floods of living fire,  
But not a setting beam could glow  
Within the dark ravine below,  
Where twined the path in shadow hid  
'Round many a rocky pyramid  
Shooting abruptly from the dell  
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle—  
'Round many an insulated mass,  
The native bulwarks of the pass,  
Huge as the tower which builders vain  
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.  
The rocky summits, split and rent,  
Formed turret, dome and battlement,  
Or seemed fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret—  
Wild crests as Pagod ever deck'd,  
Or mosque of Eastern architect.  
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,  
Nor lacked they many a banner fair,  
For from their shivered brows displayed,

Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
All twinkling with the dew-drops sheen,  
The briar-rose fell in streamers green,  
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes  
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.  
Boon nature scattered free and wild  
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child ;  
Here eglantine embalmed the air ;  
Hawthorn and hazle mingled there ;  
The primrose pale and violet flower  
Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;  
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,  
Emblems of punishment and pride,  
Grouped their dark hues with every stain  
The weather-beaten crags retain.  
With boughs that quaked at every breath,  
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath ;  
Aloft the ash and warrior oak  
Cast anchor in the rifted rock,  
And higher yet the pine tree hung  
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,  
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,  
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.  
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,  
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,  
The wanderer's eye could barely view  
The summer heaven's delicious blue—  
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
The scenery of a fairy dream."

As the canoe danced over the roaring rapids at the foot of these river buttresses, suddenly came in view a party of settlers on the right bank. They were beckoning to the voyagers, and, as the canoe rounded into a little eddy to answer the summons, the stalwart form of Satterlee was seen in advance of the rest.

"What now, William?" was the quick question of Franklin as he sprang ashore. "Is this a caucus or a shooting match?"



"Neither, Captain Franklin; but another scout, and as for shooting, I fear we'll have enough of it before we return."

"Return!" said the other; "where are you going?"

"Captain, we're only waiting for you; we can't go to Huntington now. The savages are marauding, and they are not alone; the Tories are with them, and some of Butler's green devils. They attacked Shawnee last night, and after killing John Jameson, carried off six of our people."

"Great heavens! William, is that possible? We saw no light."

"No, they kindled none for fear you would, but they did their work thoroughly, and have carried off two of the Harveys, Pike, Rogers, Moses Van Campen and Palmer Ransom. Now we want you to lead us, we have started in pursuit."

"But where shall I lead you? Which way have they gone?"

"We know not; but they certainly crossed the river. They may keep the mountain and recross at Wapwallopen, but I think they will hardly take the river again until they get to Shickshinny."

Franklin was endowed with that rare and inestimable quality—the power to think rapidly, yet reason correctly and decide at once. He mused a moment and then said:

"I dislike to do it, but we must divide. Satterlee, you and Lebbeus take five with you and cross the river. I will go down on the west side. If the trail makes to the south, follow it; don't attack unless you are strong enough. If I find the trail broad and many, you will see big fires on the high, bald knob of the North Mountain to-night; if you see no fires you need not follow. Go down the river and watch for more of them; a party that could carry away five of our people have not come without more. They are in force, and I think you will hear of them in the 'Scotch Valley.'"

With these brief words the leader motioned to his men, and started at their head along the west bank of the river. Satterlee

and his party leaving the canoe at the landing, followed for a short distance, and taking the water at the first ford, proceeded to search for the trail upon the east side. No success rewarded Franklin, but he continued on down the river, scrutinizing every trace upon its sands, watching for every freshly turned stone, every broken bough and every turned leaf.

Denizens of the city and the town can form but slight and inadequate conceptions of the patience and carefulness, the intense scrutiny with which every object, animate and inanimate, was examined by those who at that day traversed these northern wilds in search of an enemy, or for the relief of a friend.

Dispersed over a line of some hundred feet long, these seven sturdy men passed swiftly through the thickets which fringed the beautiful river, with eyes intent upon the ground far in advance of them. Hardly the cracking of a dry bough, or the rustle of a dried leaf, told their passage, while every few minutes the low voice of their leader, or his half suppressed whistle, caused an instant pause. Arrived at Wapwallopen, the mouth of the creek was taken as the centre of a great semi-circle whose chord was the river brink, and every stone, stick and bush carefully examined. Similar circles were made at equal distances, on each side up the hill slopes but without success.

"The Captain is right," said Satterlee. "Either they are all on the other side, or else they have gone to the Scotch Valley; and we shall find the trail at the Nescopeck."

Without answer his followers pushed on behind him. Slowly and carefully they kept their course, ever and again widening their compass as the hills receded from the river. At length, after many weary miles of fruitless search, they reached the Nescopeck. A rude cabin of saplings then nestled under the west bank of the Susquehanna, where now is the borough of Berwick, but no habitation of man was seen on the beautiful plain through which the bright Nescopeck hastens to join the great stream. The magnifi-

cent elms, the mighty sycamores and the majestic wild cherry covered the undulating soil with their grateful shade, but the white cottages and noble farm houses which now lend comfort and repose were wanting. Swiftly and silently our party of seven trod over the rich sward and the undulating sands, and reaching the mouth of the creek, made the centre of their circle. Scarcely had they commenced it when a broken bough arrested their attention, but the most diligent effort failed to elicit any further evidence of the passage of their foes.

Satterlee now formed two lines from the nearest hill slopes to the river, one line on each side the creek's mouth, and proceeded carefully to examine every stone, stick, brake and bush. As they were about to desist, a low whistle from one of the party brought them all high up on the hillside at the lower line. There, under a flat stone which he had raised, was the impression of a shoe. A little farther on, another; and again, a third rewarded their industry; and as they reached the course of the southern hill, which borders the creek, the trail became a plainly marked path, trampling the young huckleberry bushes, wintergreens and honeysuckles, tearing up the stones and breaking the brushwood on each side. Our party now extended themselves in line, with rifles trailed, and proceeded forward rapidly and noiselessly.

As the valley narrowed at the end of the river flat, a small tributary puts into the creek. Here they called a halt, rapidly prepared their meal of dried meat and parched corn, dispatched it hurriedly and resumed their march. The trail no longer exhibited any attempt at concealment. The stones were turned, the bushes broken, the wild vines and green thorn disentangled and the leaves reversed. Everything exhibited the marks of an exulting and victorious foe, conscious of its own strength and almost reckless of concealment. As the shadows of night fell upon the landscape, Satterlee and his men ascended the western slope of Nescopeck Mountain.

Around them, in the gray twilight, many a scarred and riven ridge of "pudding stone" and "conglomerate" denoted the mighty forces which had been at work to elevate the chain, and everywhere, starting from the crevices, the stunted pines waved their stiff foliage in the evening breeze which blew from the north. Crossing the summit of the mountain the party reached a point where, in the dim distance they could descry the void, now covered by darkness and the gathering mist, which concealed the "Scotch Valley." Here a halt was called. No fire was kindled, but rapidly gathering beds of sweet fern, wild thyme and pennyroyal, which grew in abundance, they disposed themselves to sleep, each with his rifle at half-cock and close beneath his arm.

Satterlee and Hammond lay side by side, and as they gazed from the lone mountain top at the bright heavens, while the night wind moaned around and came in fitful gusts among the withered pines, they talked of the responsibility now cast upon them, of the chances of success on the morrow, and then of the great struggle with the mother country, and the doubtful days that were yet to follow before any son of Connecticut could have what might fairly be called *a home* in Wyoming. No doubts seemed, however, to weigh them down.

"In all the bright and glorious lexicon of youth,  
There's no such word as fail,"

and that Connecticut men should fail to extend her arms, her arts, her churches and her schools permanently over the fair valley was, they agreed, an impossibility.

"We shall drive them out, Leb," said Satterlee, "we shall certainly drive them out in the end. Our title is the first and best, and when we have got it before the proper authority, the decision must be in our favor; and when it is settled—when the 'three grape vines' are planted permanently here, there's no part of that land out East that compares with ours; we shall live as they can never live out there."

With such bright anticipations the young men composed

themselves to an hour's slumber ere they should again commence pursuit of their unrelenting enemies. With the earliest dawn the little party were astir, preparing their frugal meal, and while the first crimson streaks were gilding the distant summits of "Yager Mountain" to the east, and grand old "Pocono" to the north, the first ruddy gleams reflecting back in the west from "Knob Mountain" and the "Briar Creek Hills," they fell into their trail and passed silently down the declivity, towards the south. Before them lay a valley, not among the largest, but certainly among the most beautiful of the many that brighten the surface of Pennsylvania. An elliptical depression of gentle hills and vales surrounded by a "*barranca*" of wooded mountains, backed on the west by the vast ridge of the Nescopeck, and on the east by the spurs of "Broad Mountain" and the "Lehigh Hills," while in the centre rose before them the towering figure of the "Sugarloaf" as a hub to this elongated wheel. Such was the panorama spread before them. But they were now in a mood little suited to the indulgence of sentiment; they were on the *war path*, and in pursuit not of a defeated and flying foe, but of a triumphant and cruel enemy numbering probably more than themselves. Who could tell what would be the event of the day, or how many of their little number were now looking for the last time upon this glorious landscape?

Let us leave them on their morning inarch, while we endeavor to picture the appearance of those whom they were pursuing.

"Giengwato" was a Seneca Chief of great courage, force and persistency. He had commanded the right wing of the Indians at the battle of Wyoming, assisted in the subsequent desolation of the valley, and after quarreling with Col. John Butler over the attempt of the latter to restrain his ferocity, had withdrawn from the valley with a part of his warriors and returned to the Genesee. Detached to the West Branch of the Susquehanna,

to effect a diversion at the time of the Sullivan invasion, he had wasted the lower Muncy valley, and now, after an entire reconciliation with the Butlers and Guy Johnson, they had joined to a few of his Senecas a squad of Royal Greens, with a Tory or two added, under Captain Caldwell, and sent the force down to harry the settlements from "Pine Creek" on the West Branch to "Fishing Creek" on the North Branch, with orders (if possible) to destroy, also, the "Scotch Valley" settlement, and then return by way of the Tunkhannock and Tioga.

Four days before, they had murdered two families and burnt their houses, near where now stands the village of Hughesville, on the Muncy; then, crossing rapidly to Fishing Creek, they burned a house near the present site of Bloomsburg, destroying a mill at Shickshinny, and reaching Shawnee the next night. Of their devastation there our readers are already aware. Glutted with slaughter, and rendered reckless by success, instead of retiring northward, they madly divided their forces, and one party struck south for the Scotch Valley, bearing off their prisoners, and thus greatly impeding their movements.

During most of the day, while Satterlee's party were tracking them, they had lain still, but at nightfall had descended upon the farm house of Abram Dodson, massacred the whole family, except Abigail, a girl seventeen years old, whom they took with them; and after tapping a whiskey barrel they had found in the cellar, and retiring to the tangled forests of the "Sugarloaf," were now carousing in supposed security.

The girl was to be enslaved, and the Shawnee prisoners to be kept for ransom at a heavy price or tortured.

Their camp was upon the west side of "Sugarloaf," upon the margin of a little rill which starts among the forests of that beautiful cone to join the Little Black Creek. Let us approach it and look in upon their orgies.

As we go up the stream, to the east, Caldwell, with the "Greens" and Tories, are on the left, their wallets strung upon

the trees, their guns leaning in confused array against a giant hemlock long since fallen, moss-covered and decayed, the green hunting shirts doffed and laying about the fire, while the men themselves are stretched at ease in all possible positions. Abigail Dodson sits at one end of the old log, with her head bowed upon her breast and her eyes upon the ground. Caldwell is at her side, clad in the uniform of a British Captain, talking in a low tone, words which to the girl are unwelcome and disgusting, for she frequently turns from him with impatience. A rod or two down the slope sit the Shawnee prisoners, with torn garments, weary and drooping faces, but exhibiting no physical exhaustion. No look was there of submission or of cowering fear; six in number, they had been guarded by an equal number, but the night's revel had overcome two, and four half-drunken Tories constituted the guard; these were sitting upon logs and boulders, half nodding at their posts, while their guns lay carelessly between their knees. On the opposite side of the brook were the Senecas, four of them sleeping off the fumes of whiskey, while two were sitting with rifles leaning near, and apparently making an effort to maintain the appearance of watchfulness. Apart from them all sat Giengwato, watchful, nervous and ill at ease, for every few minutes his head would be turned aside and pressed forward as he listened for some disturbing or alarming sound. For hours he had waited impatiently that his band might sleep off the effects of their debauch and follow him. Ever and anon he would stalk hastily across the little rill, examine the thongs which confined the prisoners, and then re-seat himself with a gesture of impatience. It is now high noon and his impatience momentarily increases.

He stalks once more across the brook, and, passing the bowed figure of Van Campen who sits at the end of a log, he turns a moment and stoops to take another look at the ligaments. As he does so his knife loosens from the sheath and falls silently among the damp leaves. By a quick motion Van Campen covers it up with his foot and the savage passes on.

The captive scrapes the knife adroitly under the round of the log and pulls a little moss over it with his heel, then stretching himself on the ground, he leans his shoulder against the log and drops his pinioned arms until his hands touch the knife handle. No further movement does he make, but bides his time.

The chief passes on until his attention is arrested by Caldwell and the maid. With a sneer of contemptuous disapprobation he approaches; "No time for squaw,—Yengce come!"

"Curse the Yankees," replied the brutal Captain; "they are on the other side of the mountain!" and he turns again to his amusement of insulting the captive girl.

While the brutal wretch was speaking, the distant hooting of an owl was heard, apparently from the high recesses of the mountain, thrice repeated.

The savage looked back upon the confident Briton and added, "Hear him? Owl no hoot in day time—owl hoot in night! Yengce coming!"

But the half-drunken Captain was too full of his lechery and too much stupefied to heed the admonition.

With a muttered curse he once more turned towards the captive damsel, while Giengwato stalked away and proceeded to arouse his sleeping savages by kicks and blows.

Van Campen and his companions had heard the owl, and were now all alert for the repetition of the sound. None, however, came. The babbling of the brook, the distant scream of the blue-jay among the dead pines of a neighboring wind-fall, and the hammering of a "flicker" against the dead top of a peperage, were all that greeted the ears of the expectant captives.

Another half-hour wore on, and even Giengwato concluded that his keen senses had been deceived. His warriors were now slowly arousing from their stupor and stretching themselves lazily along the ground.

Van Campen had communicated to his companions the pos-



session of a knife, and his resolution to use it for their liberation. As he closed the communication the owl hoot once more swelled up from the forest in three different directions, and the savages jumped to their arms.

Van Campen sprang to his feet, and with the swiftness of lightning cut the thongs from his captive friends.

The guards rose from their posts and simultaneously leveled their pieces at him, but ere a trigger could be drawn four shots rang through the forest, and they tumbled forward to the ground. And now came the struggle for the possession of the arms which leaned against the fallen tree. The savage Chief and his braves were first, but as they seized them our six Wyoming men were upon them, backed by the six just released, who, though stiffened and sore, rushed to the conflict with no arms but such as nature gave.

The British Captain seized the girl, and was bearing her across the brook when her screams caught the ear of Satterlee. With a spring he was upon the Briton, and seizing him by the throat hurled him to the ground.

"Ha! I know you well. I saw that green coat and round hat of yours in front of the cursed red-coats on Wyoming flats." And as the two rolled down the bank together the gripe of the hardy scout never loosed its hold from the throat of his antagonist.

The Briton's face grew purple, and he gasped for breath—his tongue protruded from his mouth, and his eyeballs from their sockets.

But now another actor appeared upon the scene. As the two rolled and struggled, locked in a deadly embrace, the dusky form of Giengwato sprang quickly towards them. Round and round he jumped, raging for his opportunity. A moment's stoppage of the struggling pair against a fallen tree and he gains that opportunity. His tomahawk flashes in a streaming sunbeam, and descends upon the helpless head of William Satterlee. The arms of the scout

relax their hold upon his adversary, the savage seizes the knife of the dying scout, passes it quickly around his head, tears off the bleeding scalp, and twirling it aloft, rings out the wild war-whoop of the Six Nations.

It is his last cry ; for at that moment the arm falls powerless, broken by a bullet from the rifle of Lebbeus Hammond, and the next instant the lithe form of the young scout, bounding in between the Briton and the savage, scatters the brains of the latter with the rifle's shattered stock, and with another blow sinks the barrel of the weapon into the temple of the Briton. They fall, to die as they had lived, in violence, rapine and blood ; and between them lies the body of the scout, despoiled of as noble a soul as ever winged its way to the footstool of the Créator.

The struggle was soon over. With the death of both leaders, the savages and Tories fled, leaving their booty, their prisoners, and three of their own party captives in turn to the victorious settlers. The form of the unconscious girl was lifted from the brook where she had fallen in a swoon, and, by Hammond's careful attention, she soon recovered her faculties and ability to walk. No time had the scouts to celebrate the obsequies of their dead companion and commander :—

“ Such honors Illian to her hero paid,  
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.”

But no games were here, no funeral rites. The few recruits who had hastily joined our party, as they passed through the Scotch settlement, and rendered material assistance in the dispersion of the enemy, were now discharged. The remains of young Satterlee were buried with all the tenderness which time permitted ; his name and age were marked with fire on the inner bark of a beech, and Hammond assuming command, the party turned their faces northward. As the moon rose over grim old “Pocono” they re-ascended Nescopeck Mountain and struck northward along its top. With unwearied steps and heavy hearts they traveled, for

though the main object of the expedition had been accomplished, they were bearing heavy news to the bleeding heart of Elizabeth Satterlee, the widowed mother of the noble young man. Nor were they otherwise coming off uninjured ; one of the Harveys traveled with a broken arm, and Rogers was badly wounded in the head. The provisions, also, were exhausted, and they were in no condition for the hunt, did time permit it or the danger of savage enemies allow. As the moon sank behind the trees they made the young girl a bed of bushes, and covered her with a blanket, then cast themselves upon the hard rocks of the mountain summit, and slept as only the tired and the brave can sleep.

Long after day the tired scouts and their rescued friends slept on, but the young girl was early astir, and gathering dried branches and chips of "punk," had a cheerful fire kindled and ready for their use. At length they were all aroused, the prisoners inspected, the wounded cared for, and taking up their line of march, proceeded slowly along the summit of that vast upheaval which separates the waters of the Delaware from the Susquehanna. A few green service-berries, bear-berries and huckleberries, rewarded their forage to the right or left, but nothing could be secured which gave them strength or promised to assuage the pangs of hunger. Towards noon Hammond ordered a halt.

"The deer will seek the water now," he said ; "part must travel at the mountain's foot until we kill something to eat ; the weakest of us will stay on the top."

Such disposition was immediately made, and they were soon rewarded by the killing of a doe, which was quickly dressed, divided and distributed. Refreshed by the timely support, they pressed on, but ere nightfall the groans of the wounded and the silent appeals of the weary girl caused Hammond to stay the march. They were now at the divide of the Solomon and the Wapwallopen, and as the rays of the sun in all their unclouded brilliancy streamed upon them, even their weary and suffering

condition could scarcely keep them from uttered expressions of admiration at the magnificent panorama. Away off to the southwest they could distinctly behold the Sugarloaf, the scene of their sufferings and triumph. From that point apparently radiated two beautiful mountain chains. One to the left, skirting the whole eastern horizon and closing in with the Pocono, ended its compass; the other, sweeping away off to the right, enclosed the whole west side of the Wyoming Valley, and was still surmounted by a higher and more distant range, the Alleghenni, faint and blue in the distance. Below them on the right lay the Shawnee flats, with the Susquehanna like burnished silver, glinting and winding and glancing through them. Farther to the north, they could trace its beautiful windings as it burst the mountain chain and swelled around many a green little island; and still beyond to the north they could faintly descry the grand old summit of "Bald Mountain," and even the dim and shadowy outlines of Elk Mountain on the Tunkhannock. Again they sought their couches of hemlock, sending many a prayer to that power which had preserved their lives from deadly peril and from starvation in the wilderness, and invoked His protecting arm for their homes and their friends and their country in her struggles with a foreign foe.

With the earliest dawn they were again astir, Hammond on the lead, followed by the Shawnee men escorting the prisoners and the wounded, and the five scouts bringing up the rear. Passing down the rough gorge of the Solomon, where now the iron track of commerce grades its way, and the mighty "stationeries" haul up the fuel for the manufactories, the homes and commerce of the East, they pressed forward with energy, stimulated by success and animated by compassion and love. As the sun mounted to the meridian, the young scout marched proudly into the gateway of the log stockade, delivered his three prisoners and the rescued girl, and in another hour, was recounting his story to the eager ears of Granny Headley and his young friend Rose.

But what of Franklin and his party?

The same careful search which had rewarded Satterlee failed to afford any fruit to Franklin. Reaching Shickshinny, he viewed the ruins of the burnt mill and the mangled bodies of its owners and their families, gave them hasty burial, and then passed on westward towards the Huntington Valley, examining with the same earnest scrutiny for any trace of a retreating foe. He had covered the whole ground as far as the beautiful sheet of water we now call South Pond, and at three o'clock was resting on the margin of the lake, meditating the next move, when an express runner reached him with information that the party of which he was in search were marauding in Hanover, that the women and children had fled to "Buttonwood Block House," and the danger was imminent. Hastily swallowing their frugal meal of corn cake and dried meat, the scouts turned eastward and descended into the valley of Hunlock's Creek. Forging the river, they passed rapidly forward, and at ten o'clock stopped to rest near what is now the mining village of "Wanamie." Long inured to danger and fatigue, these hardy men could sleep or wake at will, and the command of the leader was "sleep two hours," but the guard was posted and that guard was the gallant leader himself. All were soon asleep save one young man, universally beloved and respected, Chester Pierce. This youth of manly frame and gallant bearing had been for some time the accepted suitor of a young girl living in the "Buttonwood settlement," and news of its danger drove sleep from his eyes. He urged Franklin to sleep and let him stand guard.

The leader at length consented, and the young man took his place. It was now midnight, and the moon was riding high overhead and bathing with its uncertain light the vast expanse of the valley, as it stretched north of the sleepers. Most reluctantly did the young sentinel obey the order to awake his companions, for never did weary men seem to rest with more promise of refreshment; danger was calling and the hours had passed. Rousing themselves

once more to the work before them, they shared a few more mouthfuls of dried meat and corn cake, examined the priming of their rifles, and then fell into line.

As they wound up across the highlands of Hanover, the moon sank to the west and the chilling fogs of the morning came rolling up the valley of the Solomon. Suddenly the fogs in their front grew luminous, and the morning air was filled with cries of agony and distress, while the quick discharges announced a savage attack upon some unguarded home. They pressed forward more warily and cautiously, but the burning house was too far to their right, and ere they could reach it, the noise of war had left the place. The smouldering ashes and blinding smoke were there, but the work of death was over; three mangled bodies were there, but the enemy had passed on. Slowly and carefully they followed, keeping to the shelter of every copse and hedge, and taking full advantage of the dense fogs which ever and anon enveloped them. As they neared the creek the fog lifted and the sun came out in his glory. As his beams gleamed over the eastern hills they revealed at their foot the "Hanover Flats," and on the hither side the deep valley of the Solomon. Just at the high bank where now the main road crosses the creek, and hard-by the site of the present mansion of Asa Blodgett, stood "Buttonwood Block House," a square structure of logs, two stories high, with the upper one projecting some six feet beyond the lower, pierced with a dozen or more apertures for musketry. Its position upon the shelving bank was a commanding one, although the hills rising high above it rendered it peculiarly vulnerable to attack roofward.

As Franklin and his men quietly advanced, and the fog lifted, they obtained an excellent view of the conflict already begun. The savages occupied a fringe of timber stretching from the present crossing of the main road around the face of the hill, past the point now covered by the highway to Ashley Borough, and thence directly down through the dense copse-wood and black alders

to the creek, the creek terminus of the line being within four hundred feet of the north corner of the Block House. As the fog gradually rose, the discharges from this point became quick and fast, but the replies from the Block House were desultory and feeble. Stimulated by the apparent weakness of their enemies, the savages gradually massed themselves at the copse-wood near the north end of the line and concentrated their fire upon the northern side. The return fire of the settlers gradually slackened and at length ceased. An exultant shout arose from the copse and was taken up and echoed all around the face of the hill. Soon an immense moving mass of upright boughs was seen to advance from the copse and behind it was drawn a large bundle of dry faggots. As approach was made to the Block House, there was silence, until within eighty yards, when a sheet of flame shot from every port hole of the stockade. The moving forest fell to the ground, and three savages were seen in the agonies of death, while one wounded was seen striving to drag himself back towards the wood. A yell of demoniac rage rose at once from copse and wood, answered by an exultant shout from the Block House. The tactics were now changed. A gigantic savage was seen to step out from the wood with bow in hand, and soon a flaming arrow shot through the air and lodged in the thatched roof. A moment later and the thatch began to smoke, and soon with the fanning of the breeze a flickering flame appeared. It shot up into a bright column and rapidly spread. At this moment the door of the Block House next the creek opened, and a girl perhaps seventeen years old sprang down the bank. She reached the water, filled her pail, poised it upon her head and commenced the ascent. The yells of the savage foe had ceased in admiring awe at the heroic bravery of the deed, but a moment later they opened fire, and the maiden's arm fell broken to her side, while the pail was dashed to the earth, shattered by the bullets. As she re-entered the door, wounded and exhausted, the exultant foe filed out from

the copse and approached the building. The garrison were too busy now struggling to destroy their new enemy, which assailed them from above, to fire more than a few desultory shots at the foes below. There was a momentary pause in the conflict as the savages clustered about the corner of the Block House, preparing for the assault upon the door.

In the midst of this pause three owl hoots came from the timber, five rifle shots resounded from the same direction, and four savages tumbled to the earth. In a moment the yelling crew dispersed, springing for the nearest cover. They were met by an equal number of our scouts, already re-enforced from the garrison of Wyoming Fort. The beleaguered settlers were seen rushing from the Block House to join in the fray. The tide of battle was speedily turned; with yells of despair the Indians whirled in a body, some fifteen in number, and rushing down the steep bank of the creek, fled across to the river.

Franklin followed, cheering on his men, but soon far in advance of the partisan leader was seen the lithe form of Chester Pierce, loading and firing as he ran. The rout was complete. The savages driven across the Susquehanna were met by other settlers on the western bank, and but five succeeded in reaching the mountain on their way to the north. The battle ended gloriously for the settlers, but the Block House was lost. The heroic women within, labored hard for its preservation. All night they had toiled in preparation for the assault, and now too much exhausted to struggle with the flames, they were left to do their work, and in an hour Buttonwood Block House was a smouldering heap of ashes.

That night was there great rejoicing at the little hamlet, for their savage enemies had been repulsed; and when on the second night succeeding, Hammond arrived with his prisoners from Scotch Valley, the rejoicing was repeated. The "four pounder" uttered *thirteen* distinct reports, the home-made flag was kept flying upon



the corner of the stockade, and after sundry and various arguments, *pro et con*, it was unanimously voted that, after two such victories as these, the only appropriate public testimonial would be a ball in the Great Council House at the Fort.

Gentle reader, the ball in due time came off, but we do not propose to enter into any description of the preparations, the arguments and differences of the committee, the floor managers, the reception managers, the decorations, the cooks, the ushers, the musicians.

All these things, are they not written down in the "Colonial Archives" at Wilkes-Barre, and are they not also to appear in the History of Wyoming by Steuben Jenkins, Esq., to be prepared for the perusal of our grand-children?

The committee of reception were Col. Zeb. Butler, Col. Nathan Denison, Captain Spaulding, Captain Schott, Adjutant Stark and Surgeon Wm. Hooker Smith.

The special guests of the evening were Captain John Franklin and his young friends Lebbeus Hammond, Elisha Harding and Chester Pierce, with the men of the three expeditions thus far described in these annals.

How Col. Butler and Parson Johnson, with gracious smiles and winning manners, moved through the rooms; how Denison and Franklin opened the ball, the one leading down the dance with his graceful bride and the other following with the lovely Widow Bidlack; how the latter consented that Rose should attend, and how the lovely girl appeared to the admiration of the company and the garrison and the silent delight of Lebbeus Hammond—all this would take us too long to describe and would not much further the material incidents of this faithful history. Suffice it to say that as the young man led home his companion there was between the two a consciousness of a deeper and more absorbing feeling than ever before.

The perils of the savage raid, the untimely death of Satterlee and the increasing danger of each Indian incursion, had aroused a

under anxiety in the maiden's breast, to which it had been before stranger. In her gentle heart the perils which she herself incurred were unthought and uncared for, but the perils of her other and Granny Headley were to her the same. Before her mental vision there was a dim vignette which contained both these loved figures, and the centre piece was a heroic form, clad in the habiliments of a Yankee partisan, with an arm raised, like the Crest of Massachusetts," and in her night dreams this dim and shadowy figure took ever the semblance of Lebbeus Hammond.

"Rose, since I came home it has been intimated to me that my success in the Scotch Valley may lead to a more important command."

"How so, Lebbeus? The companies of Durkee and Ransom are now consolidated; Schott's company is an independent affair, which, of course, no change will be made. I can't see any room for promotion, and if there were room, you are not in the line of promotion, not being in the regular service."

"You speak truly, girl; yet letters from Col. Butler and Captain Franklin might give me important service under immediate appointment of General Washington."

"From General Washington! Why, Lebbeus Hammond, how can you talk. You expect an immediate appointment from the Commander-in-Chief!"

"And why not, Rose? As a scout I have served my country faithfully. Washington keeps a large number of such men constantly on detached service. Why not some work for me, too?"

Again the young girl's head drooped, and as they approached the little gate a constrained silence, painful to each, for a few moments ensued. They laid their hands together upon the little gate, but while Rose essayed to open it, the hand of the young man resisted.

"Rose, I may as well tell you at once the truth. I have not the heart or courage to tell Granny. I could not find it in my heart

to do it. I have been offered, to-day, the command of the detachment which leaves the fort next Monday for Washington's headquarters, to escort the prisoners; and both Franklin and Butler say their recommendation will procure me a lieutenant's commission. May I go, Rose? Speak the word; may I go?"

As he spoke the eager question, the young man strove to draw towards him the form of the resisting maid. She raised her eyes to his, and as she drew up her figure to its full height, the radiant orbs returned with dignity his tender glance:

"Lebbeus, do you wish to go?"

It was now his turn to falter: "Rose, do not unman me by any reference to our weakness. I am doing little or nothing here. If absent with a commission I shall be serving all. My grandmother is old and feeble, but she is among friends, and all I can earn will be sacredly applied to her support. I have long felt that, though the sacrifice was great, I could make any sacrifice which God and my country asked of me. As for your mother and yourself—"

But here the young man's voice grew weak and husky; he struggled for the mastery, but the voice would no longer utter aught of that fullness with which the heart was speaking; the head of the gentle girl was drawn to his shoulder; the little bonnet fell back upon her brow; her raven tresses covered her shoulders; her swimming eyes met his, and as he folded her to his heart and pressed upon her lips the long kiss of deep and fathomless and unutterable love, she murmured:

"Go, Leb; in heaven's name go, and may the Lord have you in his holy keeping."

On the following morning the little garrison of the fort was paraded a full hour before the usual time. Moving orders were read by the Adjutant, announcing "that all prisoners now confined at this post and subject to martial law, will forthwith be marched to headquarters, near New York city;" that a detail of twelve

men from the Rifle Corps of Captain Schott and the same number from the consolidated company would form an escort, and be under the guidance and control of Lebbeus Hammond, whose directions would be implicitly obeyed.

With the early daylight of Monday the signal gun aroused the garrison, the rations of parched corn, corn cake, bacon, venison and beans were served out, and the little company got under arms—Schott's riflemen in advance, and the other soldiers in the rear. The prisoners in the centre included the four captured by Franklin before the date of our narrative, five brought in by Franklin and Satterlee; three captured by Hammond; Breakall and Leader, the two condemned deserters, and five captured at the water's edge at the battle of Buttonwood Block House, taken as Indians but discovered to be Tories.

The garrison was drawn out, the companies came to a present arms, the signal gun uttered its farewell, the little flag was thrown to the breeze, and Hammond marched out of the stockade at the head of his two dozen men and his twenty prisoners, and ascended the mountain on the beginning of his long and weary march to the seat of war.

The little village was all astir to see him start, and many a blessing followed the manly form of the partisan scout. But from the little sash of the Widow Bidlack's cottage there were gazing two tearful eyes, and against that sash was beating one faithful heart whose every throb was of deep, unselfish devotion to the gallant youth, and whose prayers were ascending that "He who watches over the least of his creatures, and before whom not even a sparrow falleth unnoticed," would save and protect him.

Three months had now passed in quiet and peace since the battle in Scotch Valley and the repulse from Buttonwood. The settlers were beginning to feel somewhat of safety and security. Hugh Forsman had arrived in the valley with one hundred head of fine cattle from the country below, and the approach of winter

was viewed with no dread, for the prospect was one, if not of absolute safety, yet of sufficient food and temporary repose.

In the midst of these pleasing anticipations, an express arrived at the fort, announcing that Colonel Hunter, in command at Fort Augusta, had stopped the boats which were ascending the river with provisions. This was the first incident which for three years had occurred to exhibit the smothered hatred and dark intentions of the Pennamites.

Forthwith a town meeting was legally warned and called. On the fifth of December it met at the house of Abel Yarrington. John Hurlbut, Esq., was chosen moderator, and it was unanimously voted that John Hurlbut, Esq., Col. Nathan Denison, Captain John Franklin, James Nesbit, Esq. and Jabez Sill, Esq., be Selectmen for the ensuing year, with directions to call the settlement together, by signal gun, on ascertainment of anything requiring public attention.

It was also voted that each male inhabitant of the town provide himself with a gun, fifteen rounds of ball cartridge and three flints; and have ready rations for three days instant service in his knapsack. That the Court be requested to grant a tax upon this year's list of two pence on the pound for each inhabitant of Westmoreland, either in money or kind; that wheat be rated at four shillings, rye at three shillings and flax at nine pence per pound for said tax. Also, that the Town Treasurer be required to have ground so much of the public wheat and rye as will make three hundred pounds of biscuit, and have them prepared and on hand for the instant supply of scouts. And finally, that Captain John Franklin and Obadiah Gore, Esq., be delegates from the town of Westmoreland to the Assembly at Hartford.

We are now to see our partisan hero in the capacity of a Legislator. Two great colonies, each engaged heart and soul in the common struggle for Independence, are nevertheless, rival claimants for the rich lands reaching from the Delaware river to

the water-shed dividing the Tioga from the Alleghany, and in breadth, the whole of the forty-second parallel of north latitude.

Franklin appears as a Connecticut Representative of the town of Westmoreland, in the county of Litchfield, but also as the special champion of the district and independent claim of the State and his own constituents to lands to which she exercised sovereignty, and which they had opened up, cultivated and improved.

Soon after Franklin arrives at Hartford, he introduces a bill into the Legislature providing for certain appropriations for special services rendered by specified parties in the town of Westmoreland, towards the recruiting and equipment of soldiers for the Connecticut line of Washington's army, and in the course of his remarks upon the bill, he showed conclusively that the town of Westmoreland had furnished nearly three times her proper proportion of men for the war, and that although, herself a frontier town, from which no such service should rightfully have been exacted or required, she had nevertheless contributed in money and supplies a double amount over and above any Eastern town within the jurisdiction of Connecticut.

"Sir," said he, "it has been said that our demands are disproportioned to our services. Let me ask gentlemen who make such statements to come up into our Valley, survey the present condition of affairs, and contrast it with what they can ascertain of that condition five years since. For a distance of fifteen miles, over one of the most beautiful reaches of territory on which the human eye ever reposed, we have now, perhaps in all, thirty or forty corn-fields and as many grain-fields, cultivated by women, by aged sires and stripling youths. The fathers, the husbands, the brothers are no more; they have fallen in defense of your sovereignty and your colonial rights, or are now bearing the brunt of a foreign invasion in the fore-front of Washington's army. We ask nothing, sir, but your recognition and your moral support.

We shall live upon the wild game of the forest, and ere long shall be called to suffer the disastrous events of a new and cruel *civil* war now impending. Already the supplies of food, coming by the river, are detained from us by the heartless agents and officers of the Province of Pennsylvania. What resource and what hope is there for a people who have spent their all in your service and your defence, and now are about to see themselves again despoiled and driven from a region over which you profess to exercise jurisdiction, yet to which you afford no protection?"

Moved by such stirring appeals, the Assembly again declared their sympathy with and support of the Westmoreland settlers, and decided at the earliest possible moment to press the dispute to an issue before the Congress of the Nation.

Franklin returned with the cheering intelligence of these new promises, and was welcomed with open arms. The little "four-pounder" again uttered its salute at his arrival, the red and white flag waved from the corner of the stockade, and the humble hamlet turned out *en masse* to greet with cheers and tears their idolized defender and friend. He took one day to rest, and then—but let his journal tell the story:

"Huntington, Wednesday, 21st, threshed wheat for Scott. Thursday, 22d, threshed all day for Scott. Friday, 23d, dressed flax for Captain Fuller. Saturday, 24th, killed two deer on the mountain."

Such was the simple and unpretending life of the partisan leader of Wyoming. Tireless, indefatigable, he went from house to house, from settlement to settlement. One day in Salem or Huntington, the next perhaps in Pittston or Capouse, thence to the wild settlements along Bowman's Creek and the Mehoopany, thence off to the Lackaway settlements—everywhere cheering, arousing, full of hope, of confidence and of resolution, stimulating the weary and dispirited, arousing the sluggish and faithless, devoting his time, his means, his life, to the great cause of the Connecticut settlers, their wrongs, their liberties, their hopes.

On the nineteenth of October, 1781, the arms of Britain succumbed to the united forces of France and the colonies. Cornwallis surrendered his army to Washington and Rochambeau, and the great colonial struggle was over.

Rest was now to come to the strained and torn and bleeding colonies. Was it to come to desolate and suffering Wyoming?

On the third of November, a petition went up from the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, praying a hearing in the matter of the colonies touching the lands at Wyoming, and this movement was promptly seconded by Connecticut.

On the twelfth of August, 1782, the delegates announced in a joint memorial to Congress that they had agreed upon the gentlemen who should constitute a board of arbitration, viz.: Messrs. Whipple, Green, Breasly, Houston, Griffin and Jones.

On the twelfth of November, following, this court opened its sittings in the town of Trenton, declaring that "they declined to order notice to be given to any of the settlers, inasmuch as the right of soil did not come before them, they being *empowered only to decide the question of jurisdiction.*"

On the thirteenth of December, they gave their decision to the effect "that the jurisdiction and pre-emption of all the said territory does of right belong to Pennsylvania."

On the next day the Commissioners addressed a letter to the Executive and Council of Pennsylvania, recommending that they "adopt some reasonable measure to prevent the least disorder, and to decide properly the controversy respecting the right of soil."

This cautionary and humane missive was suppressed and never became public until fifteen years after.

The Assembly of Pennsylvania declared that the persons now settled at Wyoming are entitled in common with all other citizens of the State to the protection and benefit of civil government.

An act was forthwith passed to stay the prosecution of suits against the settlers; and Joseph Montgomery, William Mont-



gomery and Moses McLean were appointed Commissioners under the stay law, "to make full inquiry into the cases, respectively, of all persons settled on said lands, and report to this house."

An address on behalf of the settlers was immediately made to these Commissioners. This address referred to a petition already sent to the Council of Pennsylvania, declared their intention strictly to adhere to its terms, and render every assistance in giving accurate information. It was signed on behalf of the settlers by John Jenkins, Nathan Denison, Obadiah Gore and Samuel Shepherd. The petition just noticed had set before the Council the whole history of the Connecticut claim, colonization settlement and previous controversy; recited the decree of Trenton; declared their intention to submit quietly and peaceably to said decree, and prayed that they be confirmed in the possession of lands which they had innocently occupied and improved.

To the letter of the settlers the Commissioners returned an evasive and equivocal reply.

The Pennsylvania land-holders and claimants now addressed the Commissioners, offering *their* terms of settlement, viz: "That the Connecticut claimants may have a one year's lease of one-half their lands, the Pennsylvanians to occupy the other half, and at the end of the year full possession to be given up to the latter."

Such, then, were to be the terms offered by Pennsylvania to those of her citizens whom the decree of Trenton had placed under her guardianship as adopted children.

They could be permitted to stay upon one-half of their improvements one year, and at the termination of the period they must give up all and return, homeless, houseless and beggars to Connecticut.

The decree of Trenton had, in no way whatever, affected the private title to land or homestead, yet these unfortunate people were expected to surrender their houses and plantations to a horde of grasping agents and land speculators, because that decree had

decided that the ultimate jurisdiction and sovereignty was in Pennsylvania.

Such were the propositions from the Pennsylvania claimants to the Wyoming lands—entertained and considered generous by the Commissioners.

The petitioners, on behalf of the settlers, had closed their address in the following memorable words:

“We are now subjects and free citizens of the State of Pennsylvania, and have now to look up to your Honors as our fathers, guardians and protectors. It is impossible that the magnanimity of a peaceful and opulent State will ever condescend to distress an innocent and brave people who have unsuccessfully struggled against the ills of fortune. We care not under what State we live, if we live protected and happy. We will serve you, we will protect your interests, we will fight your battles, but in mercy, goodness, wisdom, justice and every great and generous principle, leave us our possessions—the dearest pledge of our brothers, children and fathers, which their hands have cultivated and their blood, spilt in the cause of their country, enriched.”

This moving appeal, as we learn by the House journal at Harrisburg, was “read January 21st, and ordered to lie on the table.”

On the 24th of April, 1784, the Commissioners, Messrs. Montgomery and McLean, made report, recommending that a reasonable compensation be made to the Connecticut claimants in lands to be selected in the western part of the State, “provided that the said claimants immediately relinquish all claim to the soil where they now inhabit and enter into contracts to deliver up full and quiet possession of their present tenures to the rightful owners under Pennsylvania, by the first of April next.”

Pursuant to this report, the stay law was immediately repealed, and the military companies of Captains Schrawder and Robinson, from Northumberland and Northampton counties, which had been

enlisted and equipped in utter violation of the articles of confederation, were ordered to proceed to Wyoming. Messrs. Alexander Patterson and James West were clothed with high powers by the Executive Council, and, supported by this military array, appeared in the little hamlet, occupied the stockade or fort, appointed magistrates and a constabulary force, and proceeded to take complete possession of the government, the lands, and the people.

Says the first historian of Wyoming: "This re-enforcement arrived at Wyoming on the twenty-ninth of October, and immediately commenced the exercise of their high functions in the most illegal and disgraceful manner. Those liberal principles of justice and policy, which appeared to have actuated the legislature in recommending their appointment, were forgotten or disregarded by those to whom the Council had entrusted their administration, and under this mixed government of civil and military authority, the inhabitants of Wyoming suffered little less than when abandoned to their most cruel and savage enemies. The unhappy husbandman saw his cattle driven away, his barns on fire, his children robbed of their bread, and his wife and daughters a prey to a licentious soldiery."

The close of the Continental struggle had released our young friend Lieutenant Hammond from the service of his country. His short period of service, under the immediate orders of Washington had given him new and enlarged views of the condition, prospects and probable greatness of his country. He saw, as he had never seen before, the advantages of a strong *National* government resting upon a whole people, and reserving to the States, respectively, their more immediate concerns, to be managed each with an eye to the mutual interest of the whole. On the day of his discharge he started for his valley home on the Susquehanna, with his wallet stuffed with paper promises to pay, issued to him by a bankrupt government, already dissolving, from its in-

nate weakness, but with a heart filled with the proud consciousness of duty performed, and the bright anticipation of soon meeting his loved ones, and enjoying a period of rest and repose.

In company with discharged men who had been members of the companies of Durkee and Ransom, and some who had enlisted with Wisner and Willis, he tramped across the wild moors, through the swamps and quag-mires, and over the rough paths, which then afforded the only inlet to the valley. As they came in along the "Sullivan Road" which had already partially supplanted the route by Roaring Brook and Capouse, they whiled the tedium of the way with many incidents of their services. Many "moving accidents by flood and field" were recounted, and many bright anticipations were indulged of the glorious future now opening upon a land released from thralldom to a foreign foe, and left to the beauties and blessings of self-government.

Tracking their way through the dense thickets and sombre glades of the "Shades of Death," they reached at length the summit of the Eastern mountain, and stepping out upon "Prospect Rock," gazed upon the vision which opened under their feet. It was three hours past meridian; the sun descending the western skies illumined with his fullest radiance the lovely landscape—a landscape which, if once seen, who can ever forget? Away off to the north extended broken and billowy masses of forest, on which were playing the ever changing shadows formed by the fleeting clouds. Old Bald Mountain reared his mighty crest on the northern horizon, while in his front the shining face of "Dial Rock" told the hour with its gray and solemn utterance. At its feet the beautiful river broke in upon the view, and winding in many a graceful curve appeared and disappeared and reappeared, glancing and glowing in the bright sun-beams, now swelling round some pretty island to envelop it with loving arms, now hiding beneath the welcome shades of the towering elms which grew upon either bank, then dancing and roaring down some

wild and rocky riff until, the lovely passage accomplished, it poured itself through the far notch at Nanticoke and was hidden from view.

The tired soldiers ceased their conversation and their badi-nage, conquered and subdued by the scene before them. Not "grim-visaged war" with "wrinkled front" could destroy so utterly the romance within them but that a scene like this would anywhere have subdued them; how much more than when it was *home*, when here lay the place of their longings, the theatre of their dreams, the spot remembered through all the changing scenes of the camp, the battle and the siege. Yes, here was *home*; here they were coming at last to peace, to contentment, to rest, to the unalloyed pleasures of social intercourse and friendship and love! Poor fellows! how soon were these fond anticipations to be dissipated and destroyed!

Descending the mountain, they were overtaken by a Dear-born wagon, a structure which in this day would be considered uncouth, but for that day was genteel. A rude frame work whittled from sapling hickory had been so arranged as to shield the occupants, and over this was thrown a linen cloth. The vehicle was drawn by a stout young horse, tired and mud stained, and behind was strapped a large traveling trunk and valise, the whole covered by a bear skin lashed on with leathern thongs.

The occupants were soon made out by our soldiers, and as they did so, they respectfully opened their ranks and gave the military salute. It was Colonel Zebulon Butler returning from West Point, and by his side sat his bride, a fine-looking, intelligent woman of some thirty years. The Yankee soldiers again formed, behind their beloved Colonel, and the cavalcade entered the village together.

Young Hammond approached the little hamlet with feelings of mingled pride, anxiety and affection. Turning through the bushes, roots and stones, where now is the corner of Main and

Union streets, he approached with anxious and beating heart the slab tenement of his grandmother. Listening as he came, he heard, mingling with the loved voice of his grand-dame, the gentle tones of Rose Bidlack and her mother.

"But, Granny," said Mrs. Bidlack, "don't you understand that this man Patterson is acting under instructions and by the authority of Pennsylvania?"

"I know that, my dear, I know that," replied the sharp voice of the old lady, "but I can't see what Pennsylvania has to do with us. We didn't get these lands from Pennsylvania. William Headley fought for his Spanish silver in the old French war, and bought his 'half-share right' of the Susquehanna Company, and their title, he always told me, came from two great Lords, (I disremember their names), and they got it of King Charles, long before he ever gave any charter to the Penns."

"You're nearly right, Granny Headley," chimed in the sweet voice of Rose, "but not quite. Lords Say and Seal and Lord Brook bought the title of the Earl of Warwick; he it was who received it from the King."

"Well, well, I'll not dispute with you, Rose; it makes but little difference now whether they were Lords or Earls, and little do I know the difference; nor, for that matter, do I believe the grants of Kings make any difference to us. According to my way of thinking, it's the man who subdues and cultivates God's earth who owns the title of it; the Kings and Lords, I reckon, have all gone to pot with King George and his Hessians. Washington and the Frenchers have settled *that*, I hope, forever; but as I was saying, William Headley earned his hard silver in the old war to buy his 'half-share,' and bought it of the Susquehanna Company. It now has come to my grandson, and what this Patterson and his Hessians have got to do with it I can't see."

"Not Hessians, I hope, Granny Headley—not Hessians," said Mrs. Bidlack, "don't call them Hessians. I still hope that

Captain Schrawder and his men will use us differently from that ; they are Pennsylvania troops."

"Don't tell me ! don't tell me !" retorted the old lady. "I saw them marching into town with their Schrawder, or whatever you call him, at their head, and my word for it, they'll turn out to be Hessians ! My eyes are old, but I can see, and they are as mean looking whelps as ever Stark captured with Baum or Washington with Rawle ! Men that will sell themselves at a shilling a day to murder a people a thousand miles off across the seas, who never did them harm, are the very wretches to come here and drive us from land we've paid for and cleared up. Don't tell me don't tell me !" and the good old lady shook her aged head 'till the frill of her white cap trembled with excitement and her very knitting needles snapped with passion.

The young Lieutenant could no longer restrain himself. The words of his grandmother were so exactly in unison with the feelings of his heart, the tenor of her conversation so exactly chimed with the many thoughts which had revolved in his mind during his journey, and with the cast of opinion which he had unconsciously imbibed in the course of his mountain scoutings with Franklin, that the aroused feeling of burning patriotism supplemented his natural affection. Springing at a bound through the door-way, he caught the old lady in his arms, and covered her aged face with kisses of filial affection and devotion.

We will not intrude upon the happy scene, but drop the curtain over the sweet and touching re-union of the three who were now bound together by the highest and holiest of human emotions.

On the following morning, as Granny Headley and her grandson were eating their frugal meal of baked beans and "rye and injun," a gentle knock was heard at the door, and Rose Bidlack entered. She wore an air of unusual trepidation, so much so that

the young scout rose from his chair and took her hand with solicitude.

“Good morning, Rose ; what is the matter ?”

“Not much, Lebbeus—yet perhaps enough to account for some feeling. Mother and I have just received warning to quit our house.”

“Quit your house !” exclaimed the youth. “Who orders you to quit your house ?”

“The order, I believe, comes from the new magistrate, Mr. Alexander Patterson.”

“And who is Mr. Alexander Patterson ?” exclaimed the young man in undissembled amazement.

“Have you not heard, Lebbeus ? He is the chief agent of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania, sent up here to exercise the powers of the State, and he declares his intention to oust every Connecticut man and drive him from the Valley.”

“Ha !” exclaimed Hammond. “Already ! who would have believed Franklin’s words would be so soon fulfilled !”

Mrs. Bidlack now entered to confirm the news and ask temporary shelter from Granny Headley.

Most gladly was it afforded, and leaving the little house, endeared to her by the labors and companionship of a beloved husband, Mrs. Bidlack at once commenced moving her scanty store of household effects into the lowly tenement of Granny Headley.

Before she had completed the task, a squad of rough soldiers from the fort (now called Fort Dickinson, and flying the flag of Pennsylvania,) appeared at her little gate and ordered her to quit the premises instantly, for Justice Patterson wished to occupy them himself.

Astonished and chagrined, the lady and her daughter hastened to obey the mandate, and right warmly was she received into the humble cottage of her neighbor. But the warm welcome given was accompanied by many signs of contemptuous indignation on the part of the young man and his grand-dame.



And now a new marvel and excitement for the little community: word was passed that seditious utterances had fallen from the lips of Colonel Butler, and he was to be immediately arrested.

At ten o'clock, a bevy of retainers, attached to the great functionary, entered the little mansion, late the residence of the Widow Bidlack, and proceeded to garnish the walls with sundry hangings of tawdry tapestry, and to bring tables, lounges and sideboards which had arrived from Fort Augusta, and by noon the great Pennsylvania dignitary himself arrived. A man of more than average height, with scanty gray hair, a piercing eye and sinister aspect.

Soon after, the drum and fife were heard upon the street, and a squadron of soldiers, in number probably twenty, were seen marching toward the house. At their head came Capt. Schrawder, a corpulent and pompous German, with the wide eyes and broad features of his race, but lacking that self-possessed and humanitarian look which is so often and so generally associated with the blue eyes and fair hair of the sons of the Fatherland.

The cast of his countenance was one peculiarly suggestive of petty tyranny and oppression. With a proud step and a pompous bearing he marshaled his company. Behind him, with a dignified yet submissive air, walked one of another mold. It was Zebulon Butler, the loved leader of Wyoming's Connecticut people, the hero of the battle on Abraham's Plains. He was supported on each side by two sturdy Germans who, ever and anon turned towards him with gestures of admonition or command, intended to convey to the lookers-on a due sense of their own dignity and importance.

Arrived at Patterson's door, the military escort grounded arms, and Schrawder, taking his prisoner by the shoulder, entered the presence.

The great official was already in his Executive Chair. With rapid utterance he demanded of Butler the reason of his return to

the Valley, and the repetition of the words he had uttered the night before.

The reply was modest and characteristic: "Mr. Patterson—for I am informed that is your name—I know not for what reason, or on what authority, you have done me this violence, nor why you have seen fit to tear a bridegroom from the arms of his bride without civil process. If you wish to be informed of the words I used last night regarding the military occupancy of this town, by the orders of Pennsylvania, be assured I said then, and I say now, that 'it was unauthorized, unnecessary and cruel, and that it will be resisted to the last extremity.' I said, also, that 'the late decree of Trenton settled only the *political jurisdiction* of this country, and any attempt to disturb the settlers in the peaceful occupation of their lands and houses is a high-handed outrage on the dearest right of humanity.'"

These few dignified words were spoken loud enough to be heard not only by the crowded room, but were taken up and passed from mouth to mouth among a motley crowd without, and soon a ringing cheer went up for Zebulon Butler.

Exasperated to the last degree by the sound, Patterson exclaimed: "You have spoken sedition, sir; you have uttered treason; I shall commit you immediately. Captain Schrawder, detail a guard to escort the prisoner to Fort Augusta."

The doughty Captain tapped Butler on the shoulder, stepped from the door, the escort wheeled and enclosed him, and within an hour he was on his way to the stronghold of the "Pennamites," under a strong guard, while his anxious and frightened bride was left alone, among entire strangers, to muse on this strange commencement of a honeymoon.

The nearness of the Bidlacks and Granny Headley to the residence of Justice Patterson caused the most trivial acts of that redoubtable official to come under the notice of the ladies.

On the morning after the above occurrences, another crowd assembled at the same place, escorting another party of military,

commanded by one of Schrawder's lieutenants, who led behind him no less a personage than Captain John Franklin.

As Franklin appeared before the great functionary, the latter exclaimed: "So! your name's Franklin? I've heard of you, Mr. Franklin—I've heard of you before. Why haven't you called me?"

"Don't know you at all," said Franklin; "haven't any acquaintance with you, and don't want any."

"Well, sir, I'll take the trouble to make you acquainted with me. I am Justice Patterson, sir—Justice Patterson, I'd have you to know. I represent the authority of the Proprietaries of Pennsylvania; the authority of William Penn, sir, and of Thomas Penn and John Penn and Richard Penn sir; and by heavens, sir, I'll teach you who I am! I understand you are cultivating lands in Hanover and in Huntington. By whose authority do you cultivate land, sir? What plea have you got to make for the act? Speak, or I'll send you traipsing after your friend Butler."

"Mr. Patterson," said Franklin, calmly, "I cultivate land that I own—land which I have bought and paid for. I claim it by purchase and occupancy. You may know something of law; if you please to enter my plea, it is *title*—yea, good and sufficient title, and I demand a jury of my peers to try my title."

"A jury? By heavens, sir, you'll get no jury here! I want no juries about me. Take him off, lieutenant; take him to the fort and keep him."

Franklin was incarcerated, but soon released. The violent but wily Pennamite had no stomach for a legal examination of Franklin's title, nor had the Proprietaries any desire to attempt to hold anything, save by the hand of violence.

It was now May, 1784. The winter had worn away in scenes of violence, outrage and crime, committed upon a long-suffering people by those who should have been to them fellow citizens, protectors and friends. The ice had gone out of the Susquehanna

at a higher flood than ever before known, leaving the few farms which had been under cultivation without fences and covered with ice. It is the thirteenth of the month—the lovely month of flowers, and the cold blasts of winter have been succeeded by the balmy zephyrs of spring. Afar over the Wyoming flats the ice is piled in every direction, chilling the air as it melts, and turning even the warm currents into raw winds. The signal gun of the stockade announces some new expedition or enterprise. Martial music is heard, and the Pennsylvania garrison are under arms. Robinson's company had been replaced by another under command of Captain Christie, a man of less humanity and more brutal in his instincts. To-day he is to command the united forces of the two companies, unless ranked by Major Moore, who is hourly expected from Easton. At nine o'clock the parade is formed, and the brutal Patterson, leaving his quarters, approaches the array.

“Captain Christie, by authority in me vested by the Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania, you are ordered and commanded to march your forces throughout the length and breadth of these settlements, and dispossess all persons whom you may find occupying tenements or lands, unless they shall exhibit to you some paper, properly attested, certifying that they hold the said tenements and lands from the State of Pennsylvania. After you have dispossessed such persons, you are to escort them here, and from this place to the summit of the Eastern mountain, and satisfy yourself that they are actually on their way back to Connecticut, the place from whence they came. If any shall resist, you are authorized to use whatever power you possess for the maintenance of order and the due execution of the laws. By order of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania. Signed, John Dickinson, President. Attest: Alexander Patterson.”

The shrill note of the fife and the long roll of the drum followed this atrocious proclamation, and the troops wheeling by platoons marched out of the stockade to the execution of their direful purpose.

"In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children," but scarcely did that scene of anguish and despair in ancient Judea exceed the notes of mourning and the cries of distress which now swelled up from the plains of Wyoming. Never before or since had such a scene been witnessed. From house to house, from farm to farm, were seen the companies and squads of the German soldiery, some of them brutal by nature and some by strong drink, entering with no opposition the sacred precincts of the house, the private apartments of virtuous wives and pure maidens, taking the infant from his cradle and the gray-haired sire from the comfort of the hearth-stone and fire-place, urging out the inhabitants by squads, by companies and droves, and driving them into town at the point of the bayonet.

Huddled together like sheep, these poor creatures awaited the will of their brutal enemies, now become their masters. When about five hundred had been gathered, the march commenced, under the guidance of the cruel Christie and his command.

Their prayers to be allowed to go immediately over the mountain, that they might pass through Stroudsburg and thus find friends, was contemptuously disregarded, and they were hurried along on the eastern route. Let us look at the array.

A modern company of *Nihilists* and Russian convicts on the way to Siberia may give us some faint conception of the scene, but that crowd would lack three essential elements—sickness, haste and suffering infancy. Captain Christie rides at the head, followed by a third of his command; next came a few tatterdemalion, vehicles hastily collected, in which are stowed a few blankets and beds and a little corn, bacon and dried venison. On this are clustered the smallest children, held up and pacified by a few larger girls. Behind these walk in melancholy plight the mothers, the sisters and the brothers; then follow the old men, among them John Gardner, Prince Alden and John Jenkins, fathers and patriarchs of

the settlement, aged men and lame, leaning upon their staves. Behind these the middle-aged and younger, forlorn, weary, helpless and despairing, with no hope but starvation in the wilderness or a life of beggary in Connecticut, the home of their childhood. Mothers were there, sick and sorrowing, with infants upon their breasts, the husbands having fallen in Wyoming, in Virginia, in New York and the Jerseys, fighting for American Independence; were there, also, those soon to be mothers, wading streams waist deep in cold water, and some dragged with filth and mud; children were there, behind them, around them, at their knees, crying for attention and for bread. Oh, what a scene was this for the philanthropist, the politician, the statesman, the Christian; and this was done that a few heartless land speculators might possess themselves of the fair heritage on the Susquehanna, to enjoy what they had neither purchased, worked for nor improved.

Let us leave the melancholy company, as they wend their weary way by the Lackawanna, by Capouse, by Cobb's, by Lackaway, by Shohola—let us leave them for a time under the brutal soldiery, mourning, suffering, dying by the wayside, while we turn back and hunt up a few of our old acquaintances.

When it was heard throughout the United States that five hundred helpless men, women and children, unresisting, had been driven from their homes in Wyoming at the point of the bayonet, and were fugitives upon the mountains, amid the treacherous weather of a Northern spring, there was indignation loud and deep. Pressure was at once brought to bear upon the Executive Council of Pennsylvania to effect a removal of the troops from the Valley.

Pending these efforts, however, our narrative continues, and even after the force of public opinion was such as to accomplish that end, the arts of those whose expected profits were based upon the Pennsylvania title always sufficed to keep up a band of

paid mercenaries and banditti who were even more effective than the regulars.

The night which succeeded the march of the fugitives found Franklin and his friends actively engaged in setting on foot measures to arouse the whole settlement, or what remained of it, to instant and concerted action. Runners were dispatched calling a meeting at Kingston, and on the next evening representatives were there from all parts of the Valley. Giles Slocum was appointed Chairman and Phineas Pierce acted as Secretary. When the usual preliminaries had been pursued, John Franklin, being called upon, rose and in a few brief words called the mind of his auditors to the consideration of the question of peace or war.

He briefly adverted to the early history of this question of disputed sovereignty, stated the grounds of priority on which Connecticut men had always relied, their long continued efforts for an adjudication, their acquiescence in the decree of Trenton which transferred their allegiance to Pennsylvania, their immediate application to the latter State for recognition as her citizens, and their prayer for her protection. He then stated the evasive and equivocal reply of the Pennsylvania Commissioners, and explained the fact that, while it was with the utmost difficulty any communication from the settlers could ever be made to reach the ear of the powers at Harrisburg, the agents of Patterson and his employers seemed to have constant access at all hours. He said that all attempts to get a proper adjudication of private titles had utterly failed, and that there was no longer any hope for those who had spent the best years of their lives in clearing up these beautiful plantations, except in a concerted and united struggle for mastery by force of arms.

"The fate," said he, "which has overtaken a part, will be the fate of all, and we have this day to resolve either to relinquish forever this fair heritage, and with it the bones of our brothers and our sons who have fallen in the effort to retain and improve it, or, on the other hand, to face manfully the horrors of civil war, bind

ourselves anew by solemn promise with each other, and call upon the God of battles to succor and save the just."

His words were received with a cry of universal assent, and he was immediately elected, by unanimous vote, Commander-in-chief, and addressed as Colonel.

His orders were made with promptness and dispatch. William Ross, Nathan Denison, Giles Slocum, Phineas Pierce, Matthias Hollenback and Elisha Blackman were designated as a special committee of citizens to act as council on behalf of all.

Colonel John Jenkins, Lieutenant Lebbeus Hammond, Elisha Harding, Chester Pierce and Captain John Swift were appointed as Franklin's aids and at once detailed for duty.

Hammond was ordered to collect and command every male settler remaining in the upper end of the Valley, and take post at Pittston, Jeremiah Blanchard and Zebulon Marcy being designated as aids to the young lieutenant.

Chester Pierce was ordered to perform the same duty in the lower end, and take post at Shawnee. Benjamin Harvey and Samuel Ransom were designated as aids.

Captain John Swift was ordered to keep constant watch and patrol on the east side from Nanticoke to Pittston.

Elisha Harding was to take five men and pursue the fugitives towards Connecticut, render them every assistance possible, and so soon as possible effect their return to the Valley, and bring with him supplies of food and ammunition.

The leader himself, retaining as his principal adviser and companion Col. John Jenkins, made what disposition he could for the protection of the harvest which stood upon the flats.

Be it our duty now to trace in brief the efforts of each of these distinct commanders until those efforts are concentrated.

Darius Spafford was a young man of great strength and courage, living with his widowed mother, Mrs. Jane Spafford, and his sister Mary, in Hanover, in a house some distance below But-



tonwood Block House. The fate of that house in the early morning of the Buttonwood battle we have already related. The male members of the family, Darius and two distant relatives, had perished on that eventful morning, but the females had been sent the day before to the block house.

It was Mary Spafford whose heroic act in braving the savage rifles to obtain water had even drawn admiration from their foe. A brother, James, discharged from the army, had returned with Hammond, and had removed his mother and sister to the banks of a small stream which still bears their name, as it winds through the "Spafford meadows" on its way to join Roaring Brook, within the bounds of the present city of Scranton. Here in a lowly cottage, built of unbarked saplings, they were living when the rude soldiers of Captain Christie arrived to turn them out.

Here it was, too, that Chester Pierce would occasionally come to while away an hour in the company of Mary and her mother, but as the former lived at Shawnee, his visits, owing to the distance, were only occasional.

For the same reason the visits of Hammond to his loved Rose and her mother and his old grand-mother, had been of late short and infrequent, for immediately upon his return from the army he had entered warmly into the plans of Franklin, and been constantly occupied with service for the public weal in every part of the Valley, from Wilkes-Barre to Slocum's, at the mouth of the Tunkahannock.

Absent on one of these expeditions when the expulsion took place, Hammond was powerless to help his friends, and when the rear guard of the fugitives was gathered, the cruel Patterson, at the last moment, ordered the old lady Headley, Mrs. Bidlack and Rose into the ranks, and before any helping hand could reach them they had obeyed the order, leaving their few household effects to the tender mercies of Patterson, Schrawder and Christie. With

them was also James Bidlack, Senior, a man over eighty years of age, uncle to the young Captain who had perished in the flames.

We have already mentioned the aged veterans, Prince Alden, John Gardner and John Jenkins, Sr., as among the fugitives. These with Mrs. Spafford and Mary, Rose Bidlack and her mother and Mrs. Lucy Williams with five children, were drawn together by a common sympathy. They had succeeded in getting the use of one of the few conveyances which the soldiery allowed, an old horse and single wagon. Into this was stowed the wallets of the party, two straw beds, a sack or two of parched corn and three or four home-made blankets. The vehicle was lifted from side to side of the wretched bridle path which then passed over the Moosic mountain, where now is the splendid turnpike from Scranton to Moscow, and occasionally it carried, also, Granny Headley, or some other superannuated pilgrim whom sheer exhaustion rendered impossible longer to sustain the effort of keeping up with the party on foot, and side by side with these aged occupants of the vehicle were placed at intervals a few of the children whom suffering and exhaustion had reduced to such a pass that they must either ride or be left to perish.

Arriving at the head of Middle Creek, the party tarried a day, near the present village of Hollisterville. The skies had thus far been propitious, but a change in the weather now came on. High wind with showers of rain and unwonted cold caused great suffering among the children. Mrs. Williams with her five children began to manifest signs of exhaustion. Soon two of the children sickened; the younger was taken in arms, the other laid in the wagon, but in a few hours death closed its sufferings. A grave was hastily scraped for it under a rotten hemlock trunk, and the little body left to the mercy of the wolves. Soon the babe, too, succumbed to the unwonted exposure. Its little form was wrapped in an old blanket and carried with the party until night shut down upon the wanderers, and then the old men dug it a

shallow grave among the beech and maple roots, and laid it down, while its weary mother gathered the other little ones around her and slept at the foot of a hemlock.

On the fifth day after leaving Wyoming, the wretched company reached Shohola. Here they were met by humane people from the Delaware, who furnished them with food and medicine. Teams, also, were brought and placed at their disposal. Cheered and inspired by these kind offices, like St. Paul at the Three Taverns, they "thanked God and took courage." Some continued on down the river, while others crossed. Among these latter were the company whom we have already mentioned. The old man Bidlack, Alden, Gardner and Jenkins, with two others, Jabez Fish and John Gore, and the women, Granny Headley, Mrs. Bidlack and Rose, Mrs. Spafford and Mary and Mrs. Williams with her remaining children. This little company now journeyed on together, and as they, by turns, endeavored by little kind offices to lighten their mutual sufferings, it seemed as if the Divine Spirit which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb was hour by hour giving to each of them more of fortitude, of forbearance and of sympathy.

Their conversation exhibited little of the bitterness which one might have supposed such a complication of adversities would have engendered. In the midst of their dire calamities the spirit of mutual forbearance and mutual love bore every moment increasing testimony to their nobility and true heroism.

The arm of Mary Spafford, broken by the bullet of the savages, was still weak, and a perception of this had drawn Rose towards her with the offer of many kind offices. When not engaged with their mothers, each was constantly endeavoring to assist Mrs. Williams with her young charges, and thus mutual assistance and kindness softened the rigors of the way. They were now ascending "Shongum Mountain," the last range of any size which obstructed their pathway to the Hudson. The two girls drawn to

each other by mutual offices of kindness had become fast friends, and at every opportunity sought each other's company.

But a new source of anxiety now arose. Granny Headley, who had hitherto borne up with a resolution and fortitude which astonished them all, gave signs of exhaustion. Her strength failed so fast that the whole company resolved to pause and camp upon the eastern side of the mountain.

The camp was speedily laid out, booths erected, rough settles built for the scanty bedding, and here, with her aged limbs reposing upon a couch of straw, among the dense thickets of Shongum Mountain, the old "mother in Israel" waited for the coming of that event which she knew was at hand.

It was a balmy and delicious morning in October when the little company gathered at the foot of the rude trestle in the little bough house to hear the last words of the noble old woman. The exposures of the journey had resulted in a severe cold, which brought on acute pneumonia. The old lady's breathing was hard and labored, but her mind was uncommonly clear and as strength gave her utterance, she exhibited a great desire that all should hear. Upon one side of the little couch, at the foot, sat Mrs. Bidlack; at the other, Mrs. Spafford. Rose and Mary occupied each a side at the head, ready to do her wishes, while the old man and little ones gathered behind.

"Children," she said, "I feel that my end is drawing near. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of rejoicing which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give, and not to me only, but to all who wait for his appearing."

Pausing after this appropriation of the exultant words of the Great Apostle, she called, "Mr. John Jenkins."

The aged patriarch walked to her bedside.

"Your son and John Franklin will be the Moses and Aaron who will lead our people through the storms of the present, to

peace and prosperity. I feel that though your faces are turned to Connecticut, you will not go there. You will be called back and our cause will triumph. Tell them all never to yield to the Pennamites! No, never!"

Her closing eyes here caught the gentle face on her left.

"Rose,—"

In a moment the ear of the gentle girl was at her lips.

"Rose, I give *him* to you. God will bless you both, for you are worthy of each other."

The dying woman gasped for breath, but rallied. Her eyes were raised to the canopy of hemlock which was over her—her lips murmured:

"Jesus, Saviour, come quickly."

All was over. The spirit which had struggled through the privations and sufferings of the "old French war," which had seen the disasters and successes of the "Revolution," which had aided to settle and cement the first bonds of society in the little hamlet of Wilkes-Barre, had fulfilled its mission. "She had done what she could." No damask curtains hung over her; no couch of inlaid pearl was beneath her; no rich tapestry or gilded mountings were seen. No grand organ pealed out its notes to vaulted arches which echoed back the requiem. She died as she had lived, surrounded by the glories of nature in the grandest of temples, the mountains of His holiness and His purity. The birds of the forest carolled their bright anthems as her pure spirit winged its way "to your Father and my Father, your God and my God."

They dug her a grave in the side of old Shongum Mountain, and "it is there unto this day," designated by a simple mountain stone, marked with a cross and the letter "H." From its site you can look eastward over the "Land of Goshen," and northward to the blue and distant Catskills.

The evening after the burial of Granny Headley was spent in quietude at the mountain camp. With all their privations and dis-

tresses, the triumph of Faith was manifest. The courageous death of their aged and lovely sister had softened and elevated their feelings, and raised their thoughts to the infinite and unchanging source of all good and perfect gifts, whose every affliction brought upon His children are, when rightly viewed, the means of subduing their selfish impulses, and fitting them for a higher and purer and more perfect state of existence. Thus enlivened and animated, they already began to anticipate brighter days—a hope which seemed strengthened and made certain by the decided prophecy of Granny Headley.

The old men spent many hours in consultation, and the unanimous conclusion was that, with the first apparent hope, they should again turn their faces westward and trust God for a home in Wyoming.

Scarcely had this conclusion been reached when the watchful Sentry, who was always posted, announced the coming of six strangers. In a few moments they entered the camp, and were at once recognized. It was Elisha Harding and his five companions.

They convey the commands of Franklin, advising an early return to the Valley, with the rumor that the Pennsylvania troops, whose time was expiring, had been ordered home.

There was rejoicing among the forlorn company, and it was resolved to remain in camp until the new comers should drive the wagon through to Litchfield, in Connecticut, obtain food and ammunition and return.

To decide was to perform. Elisha Harding, while perhaps less impressive and commanding than his friend Hammond, had all the resolution and bravery of the latter, with, perhaps, a shade more of caution.

He started within an hour after the resolution of his aged friends was made, and, leaving two of his companions with the company, drove down the mountain and eastward with all possible dispatch. He reached Litchfield on the second day, and was

received with demonstrations of the most charitable kind. A fund was immediately raised for the temporary support of the fugitives. Powder and bullets were furnished for both small arms and artillery; dried meat, bacon, rye flour and kiln-dried corn were heaped upon him. Clothing for every age and sex was added, and within two days he was on his return with a new wagon, an excellent team, an immense load of necessary articles for the way-worn, weary and helpless fugitives:

"In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concerned in Charity;  
All must be false that thwarts the one great end,  
And all of God that bless mankind or mend."

Let us leave the gallant youth returning to gladden the hearts of the weary and the wretched, while we inquire what was meantime being enacted in the Valley.

Soon after the expulsion, one of Captain Swift's agents, outlying at Chestnut Hill, reported the movement of a new force from Easton. Upon receiving this news Franklin ordered Swift to take with him thirty men, and occupy a position at Locust Hill near the Tobyhanna. This order was instantly obeyed, and the day after the position was taken Major Moore appeared with the advance guard of the Pennsylvanians. The main body had been raised by order of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania, and consisted of three hundred infantry and fifteen mounted men, equipped as light dragoons, the whole under the immediate command of Major Moore, but to be generally directed and subject to Col. John Armstrong, who had regularly entered the service of the "land sharks" that now ruled the Councils of the State.

This notorious man Armstrong, the celebrated author of the "Newburgh Letters," (which strove to incite revolt in Washington's army,) was one of those characters who, for the peace of human society and the honor of human nature, be it said, are rare. Men who "seek only evil, and that continually," are rare, but such was John Armstrong—cruel, selfish, perfidious, polished, talented

and desperate, no civil or military position was too high for his ambition, and no arts were too low for him to use in the attempt to accomplish his objects. His Newburgh letters had lost him the confidence of Washington, but his machinations subsequently placed him in the position of Minister at Madrid, and afterward at Paris, where everything was "fish to his net," and his career of selfishness and perfidy was unchecked until finally, as Secretary of War under Madison, his pusillanimity exposed Washington city to destruction, and he sank into merited contempt. The theatre of violence, tyranny and crime which his engagement with the Pennsylvania land monopolists now opened to him, was one peculiarly suited to his abilities and his taste; and no raven of evil omen ever prepared to swoop down upon a field of carrion with more eagerness and ferocity than this man now hurried to the banquet of rapine, violence and lust, opening before him in the fair Valley of Wyoming. He had completed his arrangements in Philadelphia and Easton, and now sent forward an advance guard of fifty men to reconnoitre.

Upon the summit of Locust Hill, within a mile of Tobyhanna, this force was leisurely marching, when suddenly Capt. Swift and his party deployed from a small patch of pitch-pine and scrub-oak and poured upon them a volley. Those unwounded sprang for the nearest trees and thence returned the fire. The settlers were the smaller force, and soon gave ground. Dividing, they disposed themselves in pairs behind the trees, and when the fire of their enemies had been received, the second man would advance from the tree and shoot down his adversary. This method of warfare soon reduced the numbers of the enemy to an equality with the Yankees, and ere long the rapid and effective fire of the latter drove the Pennamites out of their course, and sent them back in confusion and full retreat. Such was the "battle of Locust Hill," recorded on the side of the Connecticut men as a harbinger of speedy deliverance and success.



Captain Swift with his little force marched back in triumph to the Valley, carrying with them papers seized upon the body of one of the enemy, from which it was ascertained that Armstrong and his whole force would, within three days, enter the Valley and bring with him the Sheriffs of Northampton and Northumberland counties.

This information was timely. It had been ascertained during one of Swift's night patrols that of the three pieces of artillery left at Wilkes-Barre by General Sullivan, two were in Fort Dickinson, but one—a six-pounder—had been dismounted and left buried in a barn belonging to a house near the residence of William Ross, and now occupied by a creature of Patterson. On the night succeeding his return from Locust Hill, Swift with five men silently entered the village, and, after considerable digging, unearthed the cannon. The garrison was aroused, but too late to discover the meaning of the confusion. Swift and his party had made good their escape to the west side of the river, carrying off the cannon.

Exasperated by the success of the Yankees, Patterson now raved like a madman, and to gratify his spleen, wantonly burnt ten unoccupied houses from which Yankees had been expelled.

Return we now to Shongum Mountain and our fugitives. The elders had consented with Harding to join him upon his return from Connecticut and go back to the Valley. This conclusion had not been without much consultation and many misgivings. Old Mr. Jenkins had strenuously opposed it, holding that no faith was to be placed in Patterson, or in any specious promises which might emanate from the enemy; that the expiration of the term of service of the soldiers was of no moment, for Patterson would, doubtless, enlist the most of them again, and that the sympathy their sufferings had aroused would be merely transient, and would have no permanent effect upon the conduct of their enemies. He argued they should by all means take the women and children

through to Connecticut. Other councils, however, prevailed, and it was decided to turn back.

The morning after the consultation was clear and beautiful; the air had all the sweetness and exhilaration of spring. Rose and Mary, after the performance of their customary duties in the little camp, wandered out arm in arm, as was their wont, and as they searched the modest blossoms of the crocus peeping from between the mosses and withered leaves, or sought the crimson flowers of the balm, their conversation flowed on in an endless stream of comment on their strange situation, their prospects and their hopes.

"Mary," said Rose, "how could you ever muster courage to open the door of that Block House? I could never have done it."

"Yes, you could, Rose. I know you would have done the same. Life is sweet to us all, but when the lives of all depend upon rapid decision and action, we do not stop to think of self."

"Oh, you dear girl," returned the other, "would that I were half as noble and courageous as you are; but oh, it seems to me the thought of opening the door and walking out in the face of the savages would have killed me."

"It would not, Rose; we can do anything we try to do, by God's help. The only trouble is, we are too apt to rely on ourselves, and not on the One who has promised to be our reliance and our strength."

"You are right, Mary. He is the only reliance, and I am so glad to have read that our great Washington was known especially for his fervent prayers and constant recognition of the Divine presence and care."

"Besides, Rose," said Mary, "I knew there was one at least who would come to my succor, and the thought of acting with courage and fortitude was doubly pleasant when I thought of him."

"You mean Chester Pierce, Mary. Yes, it is always stimulating to our best impulses, this thought, that those we love will hear of our actions. Oh, Mary! do you know I sometimes think

that the thought of our Saviour's eye, looking down upon every action, knowing its motive and approving it, is the most wonderful and delightful thought in the world. If we ever fail to do good, seeking the approbation of our fellowmen or women, how can we fail when we think of those mild eyes which gazed upon Mary and Martha and Lazarus and the Disciples, looking down upon us all the while and noting all we do and think and say."

Thus did these loving and lovely maidens while away the hours with pleasant and profitable conversation, while the fathers within consumed the time in the duties of the camp, and in recounting many a history of their perils and escapes.

On the fourth day Harding with his welcome load arrived, and all was bustle, confusion and excitement. The naked were clothed, the hungry were fed with dainties untasted for many a day, and as the sun rose on the following morning the company, refreshed and exhilarated, fell into line behind the wagon, and turned their faces once more towards loved Wyoming.

Poor, deceived and deluded unfortunates—how little did they yet appreciate the relentless and implacable nature of their persecutors! Patterson had given a specious assent to the recall of the companies of Robinson and Schrawder as State troops, but, under the instructions of his employers, had immediately re-enlisted many of them as paid mercenaries, and now, in defiance of State law and of the Articles of Confederation, was preparing to carry fire and sword over the Valley. Exasperated to madness by the affair at Locust Hill, he vowed the extermination of every Yankee, and the dire destruction of every settlement.

Sheriff Antis, of Northumberland county, and David Mead a leading citizen of that county, had arrived as special messengers from President Dickinson of the Council, asking the cessation of hostilities and the surrender of all arms, by both parties, but Patterson with his men retired to the shelter of the stockade, and, closing the doors, put both the settlers and the civil authorities of the State at defiance.

On one of the early days of Autumn, the little company in charge of Harding re-entered the Valley, and were proceeding toward Pittston, when they were met by a messenger from Franklin and warned to keep to the mountain. They, however, ventured to proceed as far as the Falls of the Lackawanna, when another messenger arrived, warning them urgently against any progress in that direction. Turning up the valley of Mill Brook they struck again into the mountains, and at length paused in their weary march upon the upper waters of the "Gardner branch" of Mill Creek. Not far from the falls of this stream there is a shelving rock protruding from the side of "Sugar Cabin Mountain." Here a halt was made, their effects were unloaded and they rested. It was the work of a day to surround the sheltered cavern with a barricade of trees and rough abattis, and when finished they christened the rude shelter "Fort Lillopee." Here the old men and the six younger ones prepared a few necessary appliances for cooking, the women gathered wild herbs and hemlock for beds, dried branches furnished fuel in abundance, and once more they thanked God and took courage.

They were almost within the lion's mouth, but had not Daniel of old been there and escaped?

Daily the little camp and its citadel, Fort Lillopee, received accessions from those whom the outrages of Patterson drove to the mountains. As they escaped—famished, outraged and suffering, they were received in this mountain fastness, and their wants supplied from the stores furnished by their kind Connecticut friends.

Jabez Fish and John Gore, at length, with more temerity than prudence, undertook to re-visit their old residences at Wilkes-Barre. They were detected in the attempt, seized by a corporal's guard of the re-enlisted forces and brought before Patterson. He ordered them fifty lashes each. They were straightway tied up by the thumbs, and instead of whips, ramrods were used for the flagellation. Upon being released, they crawled into the bushes and at night found their way, mangled and bleeding, to Fort Lillopee.

It now became necessary to remove to some place of greater safety, and on the following night the little company of outlaws and fugitives once more passed down the Mill Brook to the falls of the Lackawanna, crossed the Susquehanna at "Dial Rock," and took up another position on what is now "Sutton's Creek."

Here we leave them for a few days, unmolested and enjoying frequent visits from Harding and Hammond, while we examine the field of operations in another direction.

Early in the autumn, Colonel John Armstrong, at the head of nearly two hundred enlisted free-booters and fifteen mounted dragoons, entered Fort Dickinson, accompanied by Henry Antis, Sheriff of Northumberland county. The latter was a man of kindly impulses, disposed to treat the Connecticut people with lenity and forbearance, but his good intentions and offices were entirely nullified by the rancor of Patterson, the cruelty of Armstrong and the obstinacy of Schrawder. Lists of all settlers were made out, the social status, wealth and standing of each noted, and rolls of prescribed persons prepared, whose property was to be at once confiscated and put up at public auction by the Sheriff.

Patrols were instituted, with which either Patterson or Armstrong proceeded in person through the settlement, examining into the condition of every plantation and tenement.

As soon as Franklin was advised of these steps he communicated his orders to Hammond at Pittston and to Pierce at Shawnee, to destroy their posts and join him at "Abraham's Creek," in upper Kingston. On the morning that the Shawnee company started to obey these orders, they were passing the point where the bold hillside abuts against the river, at the mouth of Toby's Creek, when they were fired upon by a concealed party of Patterson's men, and their leader, the beloved Chester Pierce, fell dead, and at the next instant, Elisha Garrett, second in command, shared the same fate. The settlers now rallied, returned the fire and speedily dislodged their assailants, who fled, leaving their dead and

wounded in the hands of the Yankees. So soon as order could be restored, the motley company of men, women and children, with household effects, cattle and horses, guarded by Pierce's command and bearing the dead bodies of their leaders, pushed forward and formed a junction with Franklin.

About a mile and a half below the present Battle Monument, the highway now crosses Abraham's Creek by a stone bridge. Here Franklin erected a rude stockade upon the west bank of the creek, at the point now indicated by the grist mill. Saplings were cut and erected in a trench, an outside ditch dug, and other appliances of defence adopted. Within this rude fortification, which Franklin named "Fort Dorrance," he received his people, and along the bank of the creek he corralled the few cattle and horses.

The arrival of Pierce's company, with the bleeding remains of the two beloved young men, was an occasion of great anguish and indignation. Within an hour after their arrival, Harding and Hammond came in with the people from Pittston and Exeter. As Mrs. Bidlack and Mrs. Spafford, with the two girls, entered the enclosure, Mary Spafford (all uninformed of the terrible event) was confronted with the body of her lover and that of young Garrett. The sight was too much for the young girl. The soul which had sustained itself undismayed amidst the horrors of the besieged Block House now yielded to the sudden blow dealt upon its dearest affections. She fell in a swoon upon the stiffening corpse, and as her friend Rose Bidlack raised her up, her bright hair was dripping with the life blood of her lover.

Col. Franklin happened to enter at the moment, attended by Harding and Hammond. As he advanced, the fainting girl was lifted in the arms of Rose.

Franklin seized the rifle of his dead friend, all dabbled with his blood, and raising it towards Heaven, said :

*"Henceforth, Alexander Patterson and John Armstrong, I devote my life to the task of revenging upon you and your in-*

*fernal band of murderers, this hellish deed ; and I do swear, in the presence of my God, that I will never lay aside this rifle until it has driven you forever from the Valley !”*

As these solemn words were uttered, the sky darkened over them, rolling masses of inky blackness rushed up over the Kingston mountain, vivid flashes of lightning alone illumined the interior of the little stockade, and peal after peal of thunder shook the very earth.

The feelings of the company were in unison with the elements. They bowed their heads upon their hands, and as they listened to the roarings of the storm, each and all felt that they invoked in their behalf a Being who, if His attributes are as they had been taught, would look in mercy on their sufferings, and in His own time defend and vindicate the cause of the just. All was darkness within the little Fort but the lurid light of the flashing elements ; in strange and horrible relief, the bloody corpses stretched upon settles in all the awful majesty of death ; the weeping women wound in each other's arms ; the bowed and stricken form of the unconscious maiden, and the hard set features of the iron-hearted leader and his noble followers.

The crashing thunders were the requiem of the dead, and as they echoed over head and rolled down in deafening peals through the gaps of the mountain, they heard in imagination the voice of Israel's God denouncing his vengeance. “Cursed be him who removes the ancient landmark ! Cursed be him who oppresses the poor and defrauds him of his heritage !” “For I will be a swift witness against them that oppress the hireling in his wages ; the widow and the fatherless ; that turn aside the stranger from his sight and fear not me, saith the Lord of Hosts !”

On the day after these events, Franklin was informed that Armstrong, with two hundred men, was crossing the river to attack the stockade. This news had been already anticipated. Lieutenant Hammond was ordered to collect all the women and children,

take with him the horses and cattle which were left, and assisted by Col. Jenkins and Captain Swift to retire behind the mountain.

Scarcely had this disposition been made when the enemy appeared. Armstrong and Patterson rode in front; next came Sheriff Antis, accompanied by Mr. Mead and the Coroner of Northampton county. These were followed by the combined companies of Christie and Schrawder, and at the rear of these were two pieces of artillery and the dragoons. In an hour the little fortification was completely invested. Every avenue to water was cut off, except as that avenue fell under the muskets of the Pennsylvanians. The sun went down upon the little garrison completely beleaguered.

The siege was brief. On the second day Franklin and his forces surrendered at discretion. They were surrounded by the military, disarmed and divided into two parties. One consisting of Franklin, Harding and the principal part of the men from the upper end of the Valley, were marched to "Fort Augusta;" the other party were told off two-and-two, handcuffed, tied to a long rope, and thus driven before the dragoons and a detail of infantry on the "Sullivan road," towards Easton.

The star of the Pennamites was now in the ascendant. Armstrong discharged the military, leaving only a guard of thirty under Major Moore to garrison "Fort Dickinson," and having filled most of the remaining houses of the village with his creatures and retainers, repaired to Philadelphia in triumph, to report to his employers the perfect success of his plans and the subjection of the Yankees.

A large part of the harvest immediately opposite the village had been gathered by his men and was standing in the shock, and details from the Fort went out each day to thresh and winnow it.

But though the leader was taken and the forces of Pennsylvania driven from the Valley, a remnant was left—a remnant who well understood their enemy and lacked not the untiring



energy and indomitable courage to turn defeat and disaster into success.

Colonel John Jenkins, Lieutenant Lebbeus Hammond and Captain John Swift were men whom no disaster could discourage, and no reverses cast down. A messenger was despatched to Connecticut imploring aid, and asking another remittance of arms, ammunition and stores.

These were speedily sent on, and passing through Capouse, found their way in by the Tunkhannock and Bowman's Creek. The redoubtable Armstrong, having left his empire guarded by the thirty troops under Major Moore and Viceroy Patterson, was enjoying the congratulations of the nabobs in Philadelphia, feasted and toasted as the model pacificator of the age.

"In dreams thro' camp and court he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror,  
In dreams his song of triumph heard,  
Then wore his Monarch's signet ring,  
Then pressed that Monarch's throne—a King!  
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing  
As Eden's garden bird!"

At the head of the mountain gap through which Abraham's Creek enters the Valley, the highway forks one way to the north-west, the other to the north. The latter, as it follows up the merry stream, again forks a half mile farther on, and to the east of the second fork is a romantic glen, half meadow, half mountain. The latter half is at this writing, the site of one of the most interesting of those annual religious assemblages which draw together the worshippers of the age that turns its luxuries and recreations into religious conventicles, and gilds the æsthetic with the glamour of the sacred and devotional. Here had Jenkins, Hammond and Swift led the forlorn band of fugitives, men, women, children, horses, oxen, kine, household furniture in limited quantity; the worn, the weary, the dispirited, the sad, the bereaved, the desolate, all were there; but Hope, which "springs

eternal in the human breast," was still with them, and Faith, her sister—Faith, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," nerved their arms and elevated their hearts.

"Amid the storm they sung, and the stars heard and the sea,

And the sounding isles of the dim woods rang to the anthems of the free!"

To Hammond the late reverse and flight from "Fort Dorrance" had a gilded lining. It had brought to him increased responsibility, but it had also given him the companionship of the two beings who, with John Franklin, now shared his devotion, and whose safety and comfort were the chief objects of his existence. The rights of property had almost vanished, and what little was left to these distressed people was held almost as that of the first Christians, "all things in common." Yet with all, there was kept rigid military system; guard mount, picketing, sentries, inspections of cattle, horses, baggage and effects were provided for. These men were rigid disciplinarians and as the restraints of society weakened and the deprivations of ordinary comforts came on, so much the more did they perceive the necessity of guarding each unhallowed impulse and holding every one about them to the letter and spirit of justice.

On the day after the camp was formed, young Hammond gained what he had vainly sought, the time and opportunity for a short and untrammelled interview with Rose and her mother. He had a hundred questions to ask of his grandmother—her privations, her trials, her hopes, her fortitude, her death, and of all these his lovely friends never tired to tell.

"Did she say anything, towards the last, concerning the cause," asked Hammond. "Did she speak of the cause—the great struggle in which we are all enlisted?"

"She did," answered Mrs. Bidlack; "she called old Mr. Jenkins to her side and said, with her last breath, 'tell them all never to yield, never to give up to the Pennamites. No, never!'"

The young man raised his swimming eyes to heaven and uttered a mingled blessing and prayer.

"God bless her! Oh, that we may all do as she has done—prove our devotion by our lives."

"But, Lebbeus," anxiously inquired Mrs. Bidlack, "do you see no way out? Does Franklin and the rest see no way out of the present difficulties?"

"None, madam, I am sorry to say; none whatever, except the way that our own good swords and rifles may make for us. Franklin and Jenkins, and all with whom I have talked, are of one mind, that when the last petition of our people, asking recognition as citizens and the guarantee of citizens' rights, was in effect rejected by the Commissioners, the case was closed. Henceforth, they all say, we must rely on our own strong arms, until those arms have hewed their way to victory, and through victory to an equitable adjustment."

"But when, Lebbeus, when will that adjustment come?"

"They say it must come sooner or later. Already public sentiment is rising in our favor throughout the State, and when public sentiment has overwhelmed our persecutors with odium, we shall be able to effect the organization of a Board of Commissioners who will adjust our titles. Until that time comes they say the war must continue."

"God help us, then," replied the despairing woman; "if this life must continue for another year, there will, I fear, be few of us left to tell the tale of our misery."

"He will, mother, He will," broke in Rose, "I know He will. It may not be for a time, but I know that ere long God will manifest His presence, and a signal deliverance will be worked out for us."

As the faithful girl spoke, her eyes were raised to heaven and took on that expression

"Which limners give to the beloved Disciple,"

while her lips were moving in silent prayer.

Mary Spafford approached her, and passing her arm round her neck, pressed her lips upon her brow in token of the deepest and holiest affection.

The young man silently withdrew, inwardly offering up fervent thanks that such friends were left to increase his faith and nerve his arm in what he esteemed the grandest and most just of contests.

Our readers have seen the melancholy procession of prisoners manacled and bound two-by-two, harnessed to a long rope and driven at the point of the bayonet towards Easton. They have also seen the others driven down the river to "Fort Augusta."

Of the former party, Abbott and Baldwin escaped at "Larner's," on Pocono. Wm. Ross took leave at "Weller's," and twenty-seven reached their dungeon in Easton.

Here let it be recorded, to be read by those who still nourish that relic of the dark ages, prejudice against Jews, that the only man who in that dark hour of adversity called upon them each day, and each day fed them a bountiful meal from his table, was Michael Hart, an Israelite. On the fifth day after their incarceration, Edward Inman, a man of herculean strength and courage, seized the jailor's keys, knocked him down and liberated the whole party. They scattered in every direction; thirteen were re-taken and the rest speedily found their way back to the Valley.

The fortunes of Franklin and his party were more cheering. Public opinion in Northumberland county was fast settling down to the conclusion that the Connecticut settlers were an unfortunate and persecuted people. Sheriff Antis interested himself in their favor, and in a few weeks the whole party were released, including Franklin and Butler. As they were plodding along, some thirty in number, headed by Butler and our hero, perhaps it will be somewhat instructive if we listen a few moments to their conversation.

"Colonel Butler," said Franklin, "your long detention has doubtless given you ample means of hearing many conversations

upon the subject, as to which we are all so much interested, and you may have later information than any of us as to our prospects."

"I probably have," replied the Colonel. "Perhaps you are none of you aware that the President of the Council himself has unmistakably taken ground, if not with us, at least in opposition to further proceedings against us."

"Can that be possible?" replied Franklin.

"I have every reason to believe it is so; nevertheless, I fear his opposition will at present little avail. The combination of great landed interests which is now banded against us, below the mountain at Easton and Philadelphia, will for some time sway the government of Pennsylvania and entirely blind the eyes of our legislators to justice and humanity. The plains of Wyoming are too lovely to be given up to us without a struggle, on the part of those bold and bad men, to retain what they have possessed themselves of by unnumbered crimes. Armstrong and Patterson are men of unusual ability, and they are backed by the most powerful combination of capitalists this colony has ever seen, and neither time, trouble nor expense will be spared to reduce us to complete submission."

"Aye, Colonel," returned Franklin, "we all understand that, but will not the people of the State soon perceive that the whole head and front of this movement against us originates not in any sense of justice or patriotism, but in a mere matter of selfish greed on the part of cruel and heartless men, to obtain by fraud and violence that to which they have no right?"

"That, Colonel Franklin, is our only hope, and in that I begin to have confidence. If the God of battles will but grant us one more victory—if we can once more expel them, I think the people of Pennsylvania will say, 'Hands off—no more of this; let this matter be settled in some other way, but I have with me a letter received just as I was leaving our prison; it may give us further light.'"

Colonel Butler then pulled from his pocket the letter and proceeded to read. As he did so, his face lighted up with joy, and settled again into its usual calm and serene expression.

"What is it, Colonel? Don't be selfish; give it to us, if we have any business with it."

"Aye, that you have," said the Colonel. "It is nothing less than an address to the people of Pennsylvania, by the Council of Censors, reciting the history of our wrongs and unmistakably denouncing them."

"But, Colonel, what is this Council of Censors?"

"It is a tribunal organized of three citizens, whose duty it shall be, like the "Tribunes" of Ancient Rome, to watch the proceedings of every department of government, and, if either department performs any acts or takes any measures contrary to the spirit or letter of the Constitution, at once warn the legislative body and the people."

"What an admirable provision is that," exclaimed Franklin.

"Aye," replied Butler, "admirable, indeed, but the trouble is that in the plenitude of its power no political party in a State will pay any regard to such remonstrances or presentations. But here, we have it; I will read the concluding sentences:

"That this armed force, stationed as aforesaid at Wyoming, so far as we can see without any public advantage in view, has cost the Commonwealth the sum of £4,460 for bare living, providing and paying them, besides other expenditures. That the authority for embodying these troops was given privately and unknown to the good people of Pennsylvania and privately entered upon the secret journal of the House—a condition which sufficiently marks and fixes the clandestine and partial interests of the armament. We regret the fatal example which this occurrence has set, of private persons, at least equally able with their opponents to maintain their own cause, procuring the interest of the Commonwealth in their behalf and the aid of the

'public treasury. We lament that our government has in this business manifested little wisdom or foresight, nor has acted as guardians of the rights of the people committed to their care. Impressed with the multiplied evils which have sprung from the imprudent management of this business, we hold it up to public censure, to prevent, if possible, further instances of bad government which might convulse and distract our new formed nation."

"Well," said Harding, when the reading had been concluded, "truly, if a public report like that has been promulgated, public opinion throughout the State may turn in our favor."

"Yes, 'Lisha," said Franklin, "public opinion is king in America, but much as with all other Kings, the active ministers of the monarch may at any time outwit him. The radical difficulty is this: Philadelphia and its capitalists govern Pennsylvania. Their greed will overslaugh and defeat all efforts at the equitable settlement of titles. So long as they hope to possess themselves of our lands, they will control legislation, and prevent all attempts in our favor. Our hope is in our own strong arms."

"But in the last event, Colonel Franklin; in the last event, have we no hope but in ourselves?"

"Yes, 'Lisha, yes!" returned the other; "that has already been considered. The last right of revolution always remains to freemen. When Connecticut forsakes us, and Pennsylvania casts us off, there is yet a forlorn hope."

"What is that?" exclaimed all; "what do you mean, Col. Franklin?"

"I mean," said the gallant partisan, and as he spoke he seemed to rise to a greater height, and to step with a grander stride, "I mean that when Americans are stripped of all civil rights, they have still the indefeasable right of revolution. They have still the right, under God, to call all good men to their standard and set up a government for themselves. I have pondered

this thing long and solemnly, and before we will forego the rights of humanity, we will call around us half of New England, under the lead of Ethan Allen, who is with us ; we will strike for the full limits of the Connecticut charter west of the Hudson, and set up *a commonwealth of our own.*"

This bold avowal of his sentiments, and his ultimate ends, impressed the company. Silence followed, and they plodded on, each busy with his own reflections.

Arrived at Wyoming, the first care of the partisan leader was, if possible, to save something of the harvest. A detachment under Major Abbott was despatched to the Kingston flats, and succeeded in dispersing a body of Patterson's men who were busy threshing. More than a hundred bushels of wheat rewarded this foray, and its success gave instant hope and confidence to the dispirited settlers.

But Armstrong was again advancing. Upon receiving the news of the escape from Easton, and the release at Fort Augusta, he had rapidly enlisted fifty fresh men, and with these he appeared suddenly upon the scene of action.

The garrison of Fort Dickinson therefore amounted to about eighty men, besides probably thirty or forty more of his retainers whom he had occupying houses and farms in the vicinity, and a few more as tenants upon plantations on the west side of the Susquehanna. In order to sustain the resolution of these tenants, now sorely tested by the return of Franklin, Captain Christie was sent, with a dozen or more men, to attack a few settlers at Brockway's, a point not far from the present location of the Maltby Colliery. The result was a spirited engagement of an hour, in which two men were killed on each side and several wounded, a barn and a grain stack burned.

Franklin now took post at Kingston, and opened regular communication with Hammond, Swift and Jenkins at the mountain camp. He also, stealthily, by night, repaired and strengthened



old "Forty Fort," upon the river bank, a post which had been a great stronghold of the Yankees before the Colonial war.

Rapidly concentrating all his forces he made such disposition as enabled him to cut and preserve what was left of the harvest, viz., that of Exeter, Upper Kingston and Shawnee, the harvest immediately opposite the village having been mostly gathered by the Pennsylvanians.

His camp at Kingston was located on the bank of Toby's Creek, probably a mile from its mouth.

Leaving this camp with Harding, Hammond and a force of fifty men, he passed through Shawnee, crossed at Nanticoke and thence north through Hanover to the borders of Wilkes-Barre. He everywhere turned out every tenant who claimed under title from Pennsylvania, destroyed whatever household effects he could not carry away, and then recrossed the river to Forty Fort.

Armstrong, meantime, leaving Moore and Dickinson at Fort Dickinson, started in pursuit, but the bold leader again gave him the slip, and, returning as he had come, regained his camp at the creek, making himself too strong to be attacked.

Successful in this bold foray, Franklin now meditated an advance upon the works of his adversary. A late arrival from Connecticut had added to his arms and ammunition, and for the first time he was possessed of a few round shot of proper size to fit the calibre of the "broken mouth" piece captured by Swift.

On the first of October, 1784, Franklin mustered all his available forces, and leaving the women and children in "Forty Fort," under charge of Jenkins and Harding, he crossed the river and advanced against Fort Dickinson.

This mounted four pieces of cannon, but three of them were useless, having no suitable ammunition. Each party was, however, supplied with small arms. The investment of the fort was completed by ten o'clock, and the fire from each side was rapid and effective. The Yankees occupied the house of Mrs. Bidlack, the

little tenement of Granny Headley and the house of Mr. Bailey, a settler who had returned and rebuilt it after the Battle, but had subsequently been killed by the Indians on Hanover flats.

By noon two had been killed within the fort and three wounded, while, on the side of the settlers, Franklin, Swift and William Ross were wounded, and Nathan Stevens and William Smith killed. It had been found too much of an undertaking to transport their cannon across the river, and it had therefore been left upon the western side. A barricade of heavy plank was erected upon a wagon and pushed up towards the fort, while behind it a squad of settlers carried forward fire with which to burn the building. The attempt failed; the four-pounder on the parapet shattered the plank barricade, killing one of the settlers and wounding another with the splinters. The assailants now retired with their wounded and dead, and night fell upon the scene. Victory had again perched upon the banner of Pennsylvania.

As Franklin and his men returned to Forty Fort on that October night their feelings were of mortification and humiliation, but not of despair. They had driven their enemy out of every tenement in the town of Wilkes-Barre; they had forced him within the enclosures of Fort Dickinson, and as it was subsequently ascertained, had killed two of the Pennsylvania magistrates. A council of war was held, which is said to have been animated to the last degree. On the one hand, it was agreed that by waiting they might receive additional help from Connecticut, and be enabled to strengthen themselves; on the other, it was urged that if they wished to save their own lives, retain the small harvest they had taken and prepare for the coming winter, no time was to be lost. The enemy would be speedily re-enforced from Easton and Philadelphia. Now or never was the time to finish the struggle. Runners were sent out and every available man was hurried to Forty Fort. The women were kept busy preparing food, moulding bullets and making bandages and salve. Nor were the Pennsylvanians

inactive. They strengthened the stockade by many new braces, repaired their arms, filled sand bags for the protection of weak points, and by every means prepared for the struggle.

At four o'clock on the morning of the fourth of October, the forlorn hope of Connecticut, in number about one hundred men, re-opened their fire upon Fort Dickinson, having first sent in a summons to surrender.

Franklin and Swift had both been wounded in the former engagement, and were partially disabled, but they were present animating and directing their men. Colonel Butler was absent from the Valley, attending a meeting of the Susquehanna Company at Hartford. Colonel Jenkins and Harding retained possession of Forty Fort, and with them Mr. Bidlack the elder and the few old men mentioned as at Shongum Mountain.

The settlers had now succeeded in getting their cannon into position, and by six o'clock it opened upon the stockade and was steadily replied to by the four-pounder on the parapet. The latter, however, only carried slugs, stones and scrap iron, while the round shot from the six-pounder of the settlers told with marked effect upon the soft timbers of the fort.

As the engagement waxed warm, the eager anxiety of the garrison at Forty Fort would not permit them to remain. Old men, women and children were seen traveling down the west bank of the river and stationing themselves in the open woods opposite the fort. The rapid and sharp reports of the rifles from the houses, and the smoke from the windows, told of the stern determination of the settlers, while the flag of Pennsylvania on the parapet of the fort, and the frequent discharge of the four-pounder, evinced the courage of the garrison.

About eleven o'clock the door of the stockade opened and some fifty of the Pennsylvanians were seen rushing towards the nearest house, but the attempt was useless; a murderous fire from every side drove them back, and they retreated within the fort. At noon

the fire of the six-pounder shattered the door of the fort, and the enemy were seen hastily piling sand bags for its support. A few more well directed shots from the cannon crushed the side timbers of the door, and the entrance was considered practicable. Franklin ordered an instant attack. Every man fell into his place, and a rush was made for the shattered doorway. Six men carried forward a beam which battered down the remaining fragments, and the settlers, with clubbed rifles, poured through the breach.

Hammond was at their head, and Swift, with his wounded arm in a sling, came next; as they entered, a shot through the head struck Swift to the ground never again to rise, and the left arm of Hammond fell helpless at his side. But the struggle was over; the difficulty now was not to conquer the enemy, but to restrain his friends. The long pent-up rage of the settlers was unloosed, and before Franklin and Hammond could prevent, no less than twelve of the Germans and two or three renegade Yankees had paid the penalty of their deeds by a bloody death.

The old red and white flag of the fort, which we have so often seen floating from the parapet in days gone by, was again brought from its hiding-place and thrown to the breeze. The "six-pounder" and the "four-pounder" uttered in unison their salute, and, as the sun went down, the gray-haired sires, the women and the children all recrossed the river and once more occupied their deserted village.

Armstrong, Patterson and the two Captains all escaped by an underground passage, but were retaken, after they had embarked in a boat, and were speedily brought back to the fort.

The remnant of the garrison were, on the following day, marched to the top of the mountain and told to make the best of their way to their friends beyond the Blue Ridge.

Thus gloriously ended the "Battle of Fort Dickinson," the crowning victory of the men of Connecticut in their struggle for the mastery of Wyoming. Of the subsequent civil arrangements

for release of prisoners, and the passage of the "Compensation Law," which gave final peace to the distracted settlement, this faithful and veracious history offers nothing. It will, doubtless, be told over again in far better words than ours, by the accurate and minute historian to whom we have already alluded, and whose great work we all anticipate with so much interest and desire.

It was a calm and beautiful evening, in that most entrancing of all seasons, the "Indian Summer." The sun was sinking towards the western horizon, a round disk of crimson; the Susquehanna lay like a polished mirror reflecting the radiant orb, and a bright bar of crimson light rested across the surface of the beautiful stream from the lower island almost to the fort. Everywhere the dreamy quiet, the unbroken repose, the sacred calm of the most lovely of seasons, lay upon the landscape; all forms of life, save insect life, were apparently stilled and subdued. The surface of the placid stream reflected so perfectly the forest and the shrubbery upon the western margin that, ~~were~~ it not for the reversal of the image, no eye could tell where the reality ended and where the reflection began, so perfectly did the glassy surface re-produce the coloring. The yellow birch, the crimson and yellow maple, the wild passion vine and scarlet creeper, the hickory and the dogwood, all changed by the early frost, and gleaming with countless hues, were mirrored back and held in a setting of amber and purple and brown, which, already deepening with the evening shadows, seemed more a fairy vision than a thing of reality.

Along the eastern bank, looking upon this scene of loveliness and peace, walked Lebbeus Hammond, and by his side was Rose Bidlack, and as they seated themselves at the root of a giant elm to watch the evening shades lengthen upon the water, each felt that it was indeed a privilege to live in a valley like this, to breathe an air like this, to look upon a landscape like this, and to be numbered with those whose efforts were opening up to settlement and

life such a home and heritage among the mountains of Northern Pennsylvania. Silently they arose and went from the scene, and as they did so, the full round moon came up red as the luminary which had just disappeared. Beneath her light they wended their way to a new home which had been built upon the burnt site of another. It was the residence of Colonel Zebulon Butler. Little, as yet, had it of the luxurious or the æsthetic. A few homely comforts, a few books, a harpsichord and a few pictures were in the little parlor, and a cheerful wood fire was crackling upon the andirons.

As the young people entered they were greeted by the warm-hearted host and his wife. They had been but a few moments seated when a knock at the door announced a new arrival; it was no less a personage than Col. Franklin, and with him came Mrs. Bidlack. Another knock, and a third couple were announced, which proved to be Elisha Harding with Mary Spafford, her brother and mother.

But why lengthen out my story? Why strive to tell of the homely greetings, the social love, the warm wishes, the subdued and quiet joy, in unison with the season and the hour, which filled that little room. It was an assemblage of Wyoming's bravest and best, brought together to witness the nuptials of Lebbeus Hammond and Rose Bidlack. There was little of merriment, and nothing of ostentation or display. There was no table set out full of gaudy presents and loaded down with silver given by those perhaps ill able to afford such folly. There was perhaps less than usual even of conversation, for the terrible scenes through which those present had passed were such as make men serious and silent. The groom bore himself with all that dignity and ease with which nature had endowed him, and though his left arm was slung in a handkerchief from the neck, he had another to support the lovely girl at his side; nor had she ever looked half so beautiful.

Rose Bidlack had been made "perfect through suffering," and now subdued and chastened, she was there to perform that act which of all others most becomes a true woman—the submission of herself, under God, to the guidance and direction of a true and noble and conscientious man.

As the Rev. Jacob Johnson closed the simple service, the joy of the company seemed complete, and Colonel Franklin, taking the parson aside, told him that he wished to engage his services for a similar ceremony in which he and Mrs. Bidlack expected soon to be prominent actors. He added:

"Now, Parson, be ready, for I have sworn it must be soon, and I have hitherto been in the habit of making every one pay due respect to FRANKLIN'S OATH."















